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Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of* GIG, *a Greyhound, the Property of Lord Charles Bentinck.*
II. *The* FAVOURITE CAT, *an Engraving.*

GIG,

A Greyhound Bitch, the Property of Lord Charles Bentinck,

From a Painting by COOPER, engraved by SCOTT.

SHE was given to the above nobleman by Mr. Walker, of , near Ashbourn, Derbyshire; her breed are deemed excellent in that country, but we are without any accurate pedigree of her at present; should any hereafter be received, place shall be found for its insertion.

ON THE BEST METHOD OF SHOEING THE HORSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE letter that I had the honour to publish in a diurnal print about three months ago, as containing what I thought *mere matter of intelligence* in the sporting line, has I find, during an absence of a few weeks in Devonshire, been the cause of much grave discussion. In the first place, "simple as I sit here," it was republished in your periodical Miscellany with emendations, alterations, additions—while I, G—d help me, little thinking how my bit of prose was handled, was stumping about with my gun through "brake and through briar," while your correspondents were making game of me, with a laudable intention, no doubt, for the public good. A Veterinary Surgeon who dates from Dereham, appears to be of the same opinion as myself; he accordingly shares the same fate, and we dangle side

by side in the pages of your last Magazine, like a couple of rabbits. For Veterinary Surgeons I certainly possess the most profound reverence; and, if it would not be too great an encroachment on my age's leisure, I might attempt to say something in contradiction to what they have advanced; but being of opinion their off-hand observations are neither calculated to do good nor harm, I leave them to the enjoyment—exquisite no doubt—of their own thoughts.

With Publicola Alter, who comes forward in two diurnal newspapers, the avowed advocate of a particular system, and a particular person, whom he designates as the originator of what I acknowledge to have prematurely styled "an invention," I have a word or two to say. His letter, drawn forth, it seems, by one from a cavalry officer, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, who had derived some satisfaction from the use of the shoe with Colonel Bloomfield's improvement, is written in a style most pure and gentlemanly; and from that, carries a sort of half-conviction along with it; but cannot wholly subdue some vivid sparks of arrogance, that, in spite of the art with which it is written, will peep through at one crevice or another. Publicola seems to labour under some misinformation; for, however great in arms the Hector may be, whose cause he so strenuously and ably advocates; Achilles was very unlikely to become his pupil. I repeat again, THE IMPROVEMENT WAS COLONEL BLOOMFIELD'S, which many an officer in the army can attest; that I know his mind to be equal to it, both for original ingenuity and discrimination; that the system has been practised in its greatest perfection in his Royal Highness's stud *ever since he had the superintendancy of it*; and, that the manner in which that stud has been, and is at present conducted, ought to be exemplary to every gentleman who keeps a large establishment of horses. Mr. Goodwin, the Clerk of the Stables, too, is of an original mind; which, having experienced the highest cultivation, as well from science as from the exercise of its own inventive faculties, it is hardly probable ever stooped to be *disrusted*, and to receive its finish from the hands of him so eulogized by Publicola: besides, the application and industry of Mr. Goodwin are unbounded; that circumstances combining with some little pique at Mr. Coleman, might act powerfully upon him to set up a rival institution, and *that he was instrumental to bringing the system to perfection*, I can readily believe—but the matter at issue is, did he teach Publicola Alter's friend, or Publicola Alter's friend teach him? I should hardly think he acted at the institution in a very subordinate capacity: besides Mr. Goodwin must know, that the shoe so much spoken of as being set on at the vaunted forge at Lewes, and no where else, was a mere copy of Moorcroft's shoe, and that the improvement was made by him to whom I imputed it.

By this I do not mean to detract from the merit of any independant gentleman, who, laying aside a refined life and its joys of alternate business and rest—of seriousness and jollity—comes forward to benefit the public with the stores of acquired experience; but he is certainly stepping out of the way should he wish to be "Cæsar, or nothing"—to push and jostle every one of the same profession. Let

Pub-

PUBLICOLA ALTER's friend, if advantaging the public, enjoy every advantage from the public; but, in God's name, let us hear no more of such grasping assumptions. Let the eternal egotism that sometimes overpowers very shrewd minds, which, from thinking they know every thing, at last believe it; and self-crowned with perfection, brave that censure they might otherwise have escaped, be still. I, myself, presume to know something of the foot of the horse from *above thirty years experience*; but, does it therefore follow, that I am Veterinary Surgeon enough to give laws to the whole of that respectable body?

With Professor Coleman—Publicola Alter does not seem inclined to quarrel; a hint, however, is thrown out in the last paragraph of his letter, that the stormy and the boisterous in his disposition are better kept still; which implies, that if at a future period the Professor should peer out into public, a dragon may be ready to snap him up. Let Publicola reflect, (and with reflection will be restored his suavity and candour) that as able advocates may be ranged on the side of the Professor, as he is.

I quarrel with no system: on the contrary, I assert that the system of Osmer, AS IMPROVED BY COLONEL BLOOMFIELD, and used by him in the Prince's Stables—may be the salvation of the feet of two-thirds of the horses in the kingdom; but there is still one third left, to which, perhaps, the thin-heeled shoe of the College would apply better than any other; and there may be horses that cannot be shod either with the College, or the Bloomfield shoe.

When I wrote my former letter, I was in hopes of eliciting some treatise (I called on Mr. Coleman as conceiving him most capable) to guide the farrier in his choice of shoes for different kinds of feet. This, in the present fluctuating state of the public opinion, is highly desirable; and would, I am sensible, be gratefully received, and disseminated by every gentleman in the country who keeps a stud—but no mode can ever be laid down for making one system of shoeing general; a tailor might as well advertise rules for making a general coat to fit all backs.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, PATRICIUS.

P. S. If Publicola Alter's friend assume the merit of inventing this shoe, why has his promised treatise not made its appearance? The joint prospectus stated the institution to be opened for the public good.—How can the public be benefited by what it knows nothing about? Scions from "the parent stock," it is true, "may be transplanted into the country"—but that every gentleman, or the one hundredth part of the number, should be getting hold of, or endeavouring to get hold of the system, is too wide a stretch for the belief of the most credulous old woman in England.

Brighton, Nov. 30, 1813.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1814.

(The Figure before each Horse's Name, denotes his Age at May-Day, 1814.

9. BRIGLIADORO, (brother to Victoria) by Hambletonian; dam, Beatrice, (Benedict's dam) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pyrrha, by Match'em.—At Brampton-Brian, six miles from Knighton, Radnorshire, each at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

 6. CA-

6. CAMERTON, by Hambletonian; dam by Precipitate, out of Young Magnolia, by Highflyer.—At Houghton Down, near Stockbridge, Hampshire.—Forty mares, by subscription, each at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

11. CAMILLUS, by Hambletonian; dam, Faith, (Marcia and Vesta's dam) by Pacolet, out of Atalanta, by Match'em.—At Middlethorpe, near York, 50 mares, besides those of his owner, each at 20gs.

9. CESTRIAN, by Gohanna; dam, Martha, by Woodpecker, out of Venus, by Eclipse.—At Oulton, near Tarporley, Cheshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

9. CLINKER, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Hyale, by Phænomenon, out of Rally, by Trumpator.—At Mr. Butler's, Killamarsh, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

5. COMUS, by Sorcerer; dam, Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle; Alexina, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, by Young Marsk.—At Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

17. DICK ANDREWS, by Joe Andrews; dam by Highflyer, Cardinal Puff, Tatler, Snip, Godolphin Arabian.—At Newmarket, 50 mares, by subscription, each at 26gs.

11. DOCTOR, by Precipitate; dam, Penny-Trumpet, (Elizabeth and Solyman's dam) by Trumpator, out of Young Camilla, (sister to Colibri) by Woodpecker.—At Troy Farm, near Monmouth, until the 10th of March, after that time at Brinsop, within six miles of Hereford, at 5gs. and 5s.

10. EATON, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Niké, by Alexander, out of Nimble, by Florizel.—At Stoke Place, near Windsor, at 11gs.

10. ELECTION, by Gohanna; dam, Chesnut Skim, by Woodpecker, out of Old Gold's dam, by Herod.—At the Royal Stud, Hampton-Court, at 11gs.

11. GNAT-HO! by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Gnat, by Florizel, Herod, out of a sister to Guider, by Match'em. — At Thatcham, Berks, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

24. GOHANNA, by Mercury; dam, (sister to Challenger) by Herod, out of Maiden, by Match'em, Old Squirt mare.—At Petworth, Sussex, at 21gs.

12. GOLUMPUS, by Gohanna; dam, Catherine, (sister to Colibri) by Woodpecker; Camilla, by Trentham; Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb, out of the sister to Regulus. —At Low-Catton, near Kexby-Bridge, seven miles on the Hull road from York, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

10. GUSTAVUS, by Beningbrough; dam, Scotilla, by Anvil, out of Scota, by Eclipse.—At Enville, near Stourbridge, at 3gs. and 5s.

17. HAPHAZARD, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey, by Eclipse; Clio, by Young Cade, Bolton Starling, Bartlett's Childers, &c.—At Mr. Morland's, Newmarket Farm, Finchley, Middlesex, 50 mares, by subscription, besides those of his owner, each at 13gs.

11. HEDLEY, own brother to Golumpus, by Gohanna.—At Wingfield Place, near Windsor, Berks, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

12. LANGTON, by Precipitate, out of a sister to Escape, by Highflyer, Squirrel, &c. — At Mr. T. Kirby's Stables, without Walmgate-Bar, York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

8. MARMION, by Whiskey; dam, Young Noisette, Diomed; Noisette, by Squirrel; Carina, by Marsk, Blank, out of the Ancaster

Dizzy,

Dizzy, by Driver.—At Lambton, near Durham, at 7gs. and 10s. 6d.

12. MOUNTAINEER, by Magic; dam, Amelia, by Highflyer; Miss Timms, by Match'em, out of the Old Squirt mare.—At Burderop Park, near Marlborough, Wilts, at 7gs.

15. ORLANDO, by Whiskey, out of Amelia, the dam of Mountaineer, &c. at Swarkstone, near Derby, at 5gs. and 5s.

15. ORVILLE, by Beningbrough; dam Evelina, by Highflyer, out of Termagant, by Tantrum.—At Luxborough Farm, near Woodford Wells, about a mile from the Newmarket road, 50 mares, by subscription, each at 20gs.

9. PAM, by Hambletonian, out of Mary Ann, by Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marsk, Match'em, &c.—At Pontefract, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.

9. POULTON, own brother to Sir Oliver, Josephine, and Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, by Diomed; Ambrosia, by Woodpecker, out of Ruth, by Blank, Regulus, &c.—At Fonmon Castle, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

16. QUIZ, by Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto.—At Henham Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

14. REMEMBRANCER, by Pipator; dam, Queen Mab, by Eclipse, out of the Old Tartar mare, the dam of Mercury, Jupiter, &c.—At Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

10. ROSARIO, by Ambrosio; dam, Portia, by Volunteer, out of a sister to Sting, by Herod.—At Wem, near Shrewsbury, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

9. RUBENS, own brother to Selim and Castrel, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.—At Bill-Hill, near Wokingham, Berks, at 16gs.

10. SCUD, by Beningbrough; dam, Eliza, by Highflyer; Augusta, by Eclipse, out of Hardwicke's dam, by Herod.—At Kiddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

21. SHUTTLE, by Young Marsk; dam, by Vauxhall Snap; grandam, Hip, by Herod, out of an own sister to Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian.—At the Cottage Farm, near Hodsack Priory, Nottinghamshire, at 16gs.

23. SIR CHARLES, own brother to Wrangler, by Diomed; dam, Fleacatcher, by Goldfinder, Squirrel, Ball, Lath, out of a sister to Snip, by Childers.—At Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

13. SIR DAVID, by Trumpator; dam by Woodpecker, out of a sister to Driver, by Trentham.—At the Salutation, Doncaster, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

14. SIR OLIVER, own brother to Poulton, &c. by Peter Teazle.—At the Bay Malton, Altrincham, Cheshire, at 11gs.

8. SIR PETRONEL, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Volunteer, out of Rachel, (own sister to Maid of All-Work) by Highflyer.—At Down-Hall, Epsom, Surrey, at 11gs.

6. SOOTHSAYER, by Sorcerer; dam, Golden-Locks, by Delpini; Violet, by Shark, Syphon, out of Mr. Quick's Charlotte, by Blank, Crab, &c.—At Newmarket, at 21gs.

20. STAMFORD, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, (Delpini's dam) by Blank, Rib, &c.—At Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire, at 11gs.

11. THORN, by Beningbrough; dam,

dam, Constantia, (sister to Gamenut) by Walnut; Contessina, by Young Marsk, out of Tuberose, by Herod.—At Milton's Farm, Finchley, Middlesex, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

8. THUNDERBOLT, own brother to Smolensko, by Sorcerer; dam, Wowsky, by Mentor, out of Maria, the dam of Waxy and Worthy.—At Mr. T. Kirby's Stables, without Walmgate-Bar, York, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

6. TROPHONIUS, (a black) by Sorcerer; dam by Dungannon; Flirtilla, by Conductor; Flirt, by Squirrel; Helen, by Blank, Crab, out of Miss Jigg, (sister to Partner) by Jigg.—At Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntingdon, near York, at 7gs.

6. VANDYKE Junior, by Walton; Dabchick, (Vandyke's dam) by Pot8o's; Drab, by Highflyer; Hebe, by Chrysolite, out of a sister to Eclipse.—At Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

15. WALTON, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Dungannon, Prophet, out of Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap.—At Gipping Hall, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, at 26gs.

—. YOUNG WALTON, by Walton; dam by Alexander, out of Winnifred, by Justice.—At the same place as Briglidora, at 5gs. and 5s.

24. WAXY, by Pot8o's; dam, Maria, by Herod; Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by the Godolphin Arabian.—At Newmarket, 40 mares, by subscription, each at 25gs.

13. YOUNG WHISKEY, own brother to Eleanor, Julia, &c. by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Sorcerer, &c.—At Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, at 5gs. and 5s.

14. WILLIAMSON'S DITTO, own brother to Walton, by Sir Peter Teazle.—At Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

20. YOUNG WOODPECKER, own brother to Chanticleer, by Woodpecker, Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap; Miss Belsea, by Regulus, Bartlett's Childers, &c.—At Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham. Yorkshire, 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

13. ZODIAC, by St. George; dam, Abigail, by Woodpecker, out of Firetail, by Eclipse, Blank, Cade, &c.—At the same place as Quiz, at 16gs.

(To be continued.)

PUGILISM, BETWEEN PAINTER AND ALEXANDER.

ON Saturday, the 20th of November, a grand pitch battle was fought, at Moulsey Hurst, between Painter, a Lancashire man, who beat Coyan, the Irishman, at Margate, and Alexander, the Gamekeeper, who beat Ford. The ring was formed at twelve o'clock, and at one the combatants *set-to*. Gregson and Owen were seconds for Paimter, and Ward and Jones for Alexander.—Betting at *setting-to*, was five to two on Alexander. The fight lasted somewhat less than 40 minutes.

Round 1. The *set-to*.—Painter showed improving attitude, and placed slight bits with both hands. Alexander returned with the right on his head, and fell on his knee. —Betting reduced two points.

2. After sparring, about three hits were exchanged on the head, and Painter shewed himself the best fighter. Alexander made bad use

use of his left hand, and when *lunging* with the right he hit short, or on one side of his adversary's head. In a close both fell, Alexander underneath, by which one of his qualifications failed, that of throwing.—Even betting.

3. Some good rallying took place and Painter received a hard fall.—Hitting about equal.

4. The hardest round in the battle. Painter commenced a rally, and placed left and right hits, which were returned. Both fought at the head alone, and Alexander got a good right-handed hit at his adversary's ear. At the end of the round Alexander showed first blood, but the claret soon followed on the other side. The sound of the blows reverberated through the ring, and both had dreadfully beaten heads. The round ended by Painter falling at an overstretch.

5. Both out of wind, and would have been glad of an armistice.—Painter commenced fighting, and Alexander went down with a slight hit—two to one on Painter.

6. A smart hitting-round, decidedly in favour of Painter, who showed superiority in fighting and best wind, and at the close Alexander was thrown with great ease.—Odds begging in vain.

7. Alexander hit Painter twice about the ear with the right hand, which was not returned. In the close both fell.—Odds were partially taken.

8. Much distressed. A short round was made after tedious sparring for wind. Each had lost an eye a piece in the battle.

9. It was seen that Alexander had forced up his right hand knuckles, and left hand being ineffective, he was in the forlorn hope. He hit round and at random, and Painter knocked him down, which decided bets on that head.

10 and 11. Smart rounds, but in favour of Painter, who, although much exhausted, fought very steady, and had the best of these rounds, but he received a violent cross-buttock.

12. Here the battle changed again. Alexander seemed to have recovered strength and wind, and fought the round more advantageously than he had any other. In a rally against Painter, he struck him a hard blow on the jugular, and threw him.

13. Alexander maintained a superiority, and began to throw out his left hand, which had hitherto been mute. Painter retreated distressed, Alexander, encouraged, followed and hit, and threw him.—Six to four on Alexander.

14. Painter's left eye was completely in darkness, and Alexander kept nobbing with his left hand at the other, but the latter was hit down by a straight heavy blow on the forehead, and fell on his head.

15. A short round, some hitting in favour of Painter, who fell uppermost.

16 and 17. Alexander was fighting at the half perfect eye with the left hand, and succeeded partially. He was fresh and better than his antagonist, and he had the advantage of the falls, and three to one was offered against Painter.

The 18th, 19th, and 20th rounds were in favour of Alexander, although Painter made a good stand in his distressed state, and was very steady Hitting was considered gone by, and that Alexander could not lose.

The 21st and last round, however, gave victory to Painter by hitting

hitting his adversary, although but slightly, in the wind. Alexander on receiving the blow retreated back, as if in a falling state, nearly twenty paces, when, in the act of endeavouring to make a stand, he fell, and was beat. Both have suffered severely about the head.

Lancashire, which has produced so many brave fellows in our army and navy, has at length again found a pugilist in Painter, first on the list of the present race of fighters. Since Gregson, the country has afforded none but bad second-raters, as Rimmer and Carter, although his house has been open to candidates. Painter possesses all the requisites particularly of a boxer. He is an athletic man of more than 13 stone, of tried courage and game. If not quick, he is impressive and always temperate, when fighting, at work. Alexander, on the contrary, has been much over-rated. He has a good right-hand, and that is all that he can be said to excel in. The winner was brought home in procession to Gregson's with twenty flags, and the loser was put to bed at Hampton, as a victorious beaten man should be, covered with glory, mud and bruises.

Davis, the navigator, beat a heavier man without a scratched face; and a third battle concluded the elegant amusements.

OLD ENGLISH MASTIFFS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THROUGH the extensive communication of your sporting work, I would beg to be informed by any gentleman if there is now existing a genuine breed of the old English Mastiffs, and where; and if the whelps are to be bought, or to be obtained by gift or otherwise.

Expressing my obligations, should you insert this inquiry, I remain, Sir, much your's,

A CONSTANT READER.

Yorkshire, Nov. 17, 1813.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby and Oaks Stakes, 1814.

DERBY.

11 to 1 agst Lord Stanley's colt by Waxy.
15 to 1 agst Partisan.
16 to 1 agst Lord Foley's Magician.
17 to 1 agst Brother to Sagand.
17 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
17 to 1 agst Ramrod.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt by Eagle.
18 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's Woodnymph colt.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Pierse's Eagle colt, out of Crane.
20 to 1 agst Brother to Hedley.

OAKS.

11 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Selim filly.
11 to 1 agst the Sister to Whalebone.
11 to 1 agst Mr. Hewitt's filly by Dick Andrews.
11 to 1 agst Vittoria.
11 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's filly by Orville.
18 to 1 agst Sister to Oriana.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Northey's filly by Gamenut.

AMA-

AMATEUR PUGILISM;

OR,

FANCY AGAINST MONEY.

"EDINBURGH, OCT. 23.

"ON Friday, there was a sparring match in the Salutation Hall, Perth, between Captain Barclay and Fuller, a famous bruiser from London. The Captain, we understand, was decidedly superior to his opponent, who received a pretty smart drubbing. A sum of money was collected for him among the spectators."

It may be doubted, after all, whether the body of this poor professor was not *fuller* of bruises than his pockets of cash, from the result of this sporting experiment. It is generally thought among the fighters, as well as the fanciers, that if Captain Barclay would so far condescend, he would *crib* the honours of the championship itself from the *black diamond*, the present holder. Captain Barclay, by means of continued training, and a system of living, which combines the full exercise of every organ with the most nutritious and least burthensome diet, and only what is absolutely necessary in the way of repose, has improved the strength of his naturally robust frame to such a degree, that it is impossible to conceive any thing in the capacity of the human muscles beyond what he can execute in point of exertion and perseverance. Indeed, his performances are absolutely incredible to those who have not had opportunities of learning to what an extent the powers of the human body may be carried by proper management. Captain Barclay can do, with *one exception*, all the things that the Roman historians relate with so much astonishment of Catiline: and he is at the same time one of the most inoffensive and good-humoured members of society, and, above all, one of the least turbulent and quarrelsome. He can, like the Roman, bear *heat, cold, fatigue*, and *want of rest*, to an extreme beyond what any one can believe: but we doubt whether he has the power to endure *fasting*.* In ordinary circumstances his consumption of the most alimentary food is considerable, and on occasions of great exertion, it is proportionably increased. It is computed, that in the course of his Newmarket match, when he walked one thousand miles in as many hours, he consumed, on an average, five pounds of animal food alone, in the course of every four and twenty hours. Captain Barclay's object in pursuing this course of living, and devoting himself so much to corporeal exercises, is to render them fashionable, not only among the young men of the higher ranks, as they were among the Nobility of Greece and Rome, and all the most polished, as well as most warlike nations of antiquity; but to make them familiar among the people, always prone to take example by their superiors, but in matters of this kind particularly, whence a hope may be reasonably entertained of restoring the hardihood and martial spirit of our famed ancestors, with that once far-famed robustness of frame of which so few traces are to be found in the degenerate race of our time. We

* Corpus inediæ, algoris, vigiliæ, laboris ultra quam cuiquam credibile est patiens.—*Sall. Bell. Cat.*

Ibi incredibilem patientiam tuam exerce.—*Cicero, Orat. in L. Cat.*

 freely

freely avow, that we think Captain Barclay's desire to establish a regular system of manly corporeal exercises, similar to those of the *Palæstræ* and *Gymnasia* of the Greeks, and of the *Circus* and *Campus Martius* of the Romans, is a laudable and patriotic ambition; and there is no branch of such a system that we are not ready to commend, except the butcherly practice of employing prize-fighters to thrash each other for money; and even in this point we feel a kind of public gratitude to Captain Barclay, for training the British champion Crib, to secure the honours of that rude, but *native* and national weapon, *the fist*, from being snatched away and disgraced for ever by the black buffer Molineux.

A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE VARIOUS COLTS AND FILLIES, WITH THE BETTING, &c.

THAT RAN FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS STAKES, FROM THEIR FIRST COMMENCEMENT, UP TO THE PRESENT YEAR.

Continued from our last Volume, page 235.

EPSOM MEETING, 1806.—*Thursday, May 22.*—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; thirty-nine Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Foley's br. c. Paris, (Brother to Stamford and Archduke) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatia, by Eclipse (J. Shepherd) 1
Lord Egremont's b. c. Trafalgar, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Skysweeper, by Highflyer, Eclipse, &c. (T. Goodisson) 2
The Margravine of Anspach's gr. c. Hector, by Highover; dam, Augusta, by Eclipse, out of Hardwicke's dam, by Herod 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Maria, (Surprise's dam) by Highflyer.......................... 0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Podargus, by Worthy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.............................. 0
Lord Egremont's b. c. Hedley, by Gohanna, out of Catherine, by Woodpecker............................ 0
Mr. Shakespear's ch. c. Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina, by Mercury........................ 0
Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon 0
Mr. Mellish's br. c. Luck's-All, by Stamford, out of Marchioness, by Lurcher 0
Sir F. Standish's ch. f. Lancashire Witch, by Mr. Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, by Tandem 0
Mr. Batson's b. c. Rapture, by Sir Harry, out of Juliana, by Crop .. 0
Mr. Croft's b. c. Ploughboy, by Volunteer, out of Orange-Squeezer, by Highflyer 0

On Monday and Tuesday, 2 to 1 and 7 to 4 only agst Trafalgar; but on Wednesday, the betting suddenly rose to 5 to 1 against him.—Some-

Something it was supposed had happened to him.—At starting, 4 to 1 agst Lancashire Witch, 5 to 1 agst Paris, 5 to 1 agst Achilles, 6 to 1 agst Trafalgar, 10 to 1 agst Hedley, 10 to 1 agst Smuggler, 12 to 1 agst Podargus, 100 to 4 agst Hector, 100 to 3 agst Luck's-All, 100 to 3 agst Rapture, and 100 to 2 agst Ploughboy.—At half past one they started, and ran at a great rate; on turning Tottenham-Corner, it was observed that John Shepherd, (the Yorkshire Jockey) who rode Paris, rather pulled, whilst Trafalgar was making play; notwithstanding, Lord Egremont was backed to win:—Upon coming to the Distance-Post, Trafalgar and Paris were neck and neck, in which situation they continued until within a few lengths of the Winning-Post, when Shepherd made a desperate push, and won the race by about half a head.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st.; the last mile and half; twenty-seven subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Craven's brown, Bronze, by Buzzard; dam, (Castrel, Selim, and Rubens's dam) by Alexander, Highflyer, &c. (W. Edwards) 1
Lord Egremont's bay, Jerboa, (Sister to Colibri) by Gohanna, out of Camilla, by Trentham 2
Mr. Lake's bay, Rosabella, by Whiskey, dam by Diomed, out of Harriet, by Match'em 3
Sir F. Standish's chesnut, Lancashire-Witch, by Mr. Teazle 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Gen. Gower's bay, Sprite, by Buzzard, out of Sylph, by Saltram 0
Mr. Foster's bay, Osier, by Moorcock, out of Palmflower, by Weasel 0
Duke of Grafton's bay, Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by Pot8o's 0
Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, out of Fraxinella, by Trentham 0
Mr. D. Boyce's chesnut, Wretch, by Gohanna, dam by Skyscraper .. 0
Lord Grosvenor's chesnut, Norah, by John Bull, out of Nimble, by Florizel 0
Sir T. Gascoigne's bay, Dowager, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks, by Delpini 0
Mr. Mellish's bay, Off-she-goes, by Shuttle, dam by Highflyer 0

Three to 1 and 7 to 2 agst Vanity, 4 to 1 against Jerboa, 5 to 1 against Wretch, 10 to 1 agst Bronze, 12 to 1 agst Rosabella, 100 to 8 agst Sprite, and 100 to 5 agst Dowager.—Won easy.

Epsom Meeting, 1807.—*Thursday, May* 14.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Lord Egremont's ch. c. Election, by Gohanna; dam, Chesnut Skim, by Woodpecker, out of Old Gold's dam (J. Arnold, sen.) 1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Giles Scroggins, by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy, by Alfred (W. Clift) 2
Mr. Lake's b. c. Coriolanus, by Gohanna, out of Skysweeper, by Highflyer (W. Wheatley) 3

 The

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. Corsican, by Guildford, out of Ramschoondra, by Sir Peter 0
Mr. Biggs's br. c. Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Portia, by Volunteer 0
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Pioneer, by Whiskey, out of Prunella, by Highflyer 0
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine, by Woodpecker 0
Mr. D. Radcliffe's bl. c. Mungo, (Brother to Houghton-Lass) by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Mr. D. Radclyffe's b. c. Lewes, by Gohanna, out of Trumpetta, by Trumpator 0
Lord C. Somerset's b. c. Job Thornberry, by John Bull, out of Esther, by Highflyer 0
Lord Foley's br. c. Chaise-and-one, by Whiskey, out of Xenia, by Challenger 0
Sir F. Standish's b. c. by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace 0
Lord Darlington's b. c. Brother to Expectation, by Sir Peter Teazle 0

Three to 1 agst Election, 7 to 2 agst Musician, 4 to 1 agst Job Thornberry, 9 to 2 agst Giles Scroggins, 10 to 1 agst Chaise-and-one, 100 to 7 agst Pioneer, and very high odds against any other.—This was a very fine race:—Giles Scroggins took the lead, and made good play till he came to the Distance-Post, when Coriolanus passed him, and immediately after, Election took the lead, and won by a length.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-one Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Gen. Grosvenor's bay, Brisëis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane, (Sister to Hermione) by Sir Peter Teazle (S. Chifney) 1
Lord Derby's brown, Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Bess, (Sister to Sir Peter Teazle) by Highflyer (R. Spencer) .. 2
Lord Stawell's bay, Pantina, (Sister to Deceiver) by Buzzard (W. Arnold) 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Egremont's chesnut, by Young Woodpecker, out of Fractious, (Hannibal's dam) by Mercury 0
Mr. D. Radcliffe's chesnut, Sister to Castrel, by Buzzard 0
Lord Grosvenor's bay, Pearl, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam 0
Mr. Sitwell's chesnut, Buttercup, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon 0
Mr. Mellish's bay, Sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian 0
Mr. Howorth's bay, Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a Sister to Skyscraper 0
Mr. Kellermann's bay, L'Huile de Venus, by Whiskey, out of Mrs. Clarke, by Pot8o's 0
Mr. Lake's bay, by Whiskey, out of Admiral's dam, by Bourdeaux .. 0
Mr. Craven's chesnut, Frances, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer 0

Duke

Duke of Grafton's brown, Fawn, by Grouse, out of Rattle, by Trumpator 0

Four to 1 agst Lauretta, 5 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's filly, 7 to 1 agst Margaret, 8 to 1 agst Pantina, 8 to 1 agst Pearl, 10 to 1 agst Sister to Castrel, 10 to 1 agst Buttercup, 15 to 1 agst Brisëis, 100 to 5 agst L'Huile de Venus, and 100 to 5 agst Sister to Smuggler.—The Sister to Castrel took the lead for about a mile, when Brisëis came up, and won cleverly by about half a length.—Frances and Fawn were thrown down at Tottenham-Corner, but received no injury.

Epsom Meeting, 1808.—*Thursday, June* 2.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Sir H. Williamson's ch. c. Pan, by St. George, out of Walton's dam, by Dungannon (F. Collinson) 1

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Vandyke, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick, by Pot8o's (W. Clift) 2

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker 3

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c. Rubens, Brother to Castrel, by Buzzard 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon 0

Lord Egremont's br. c. Scorpion, Brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna 0

Lord Egremont's b. f. Brighton-Lass, by Gohanna, out of Nutmeg, by Sir Peter Teazle 0

Lord Stawell's ch. c. No-Conjurer, by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's dam 0

Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. Tristram, by Teddy the Grinder; dam, Princess, by Precipitate, out of Colibri 0

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Bradbury, by Delpini, out of a twin Sister to Lilliputian, by Young Marsk 0

Even betting Vandyke and Rubens agst the field; 5 to 2, Vandyke, Rubens, and Clinker agst the field; 2 to 1 agst Vandyke, 7 to 2 agst Rubens, 5 to 1 agst Clinker, 6 to 1 agst Scorpion, 7 to 1 agst No-Conjurer, 20 to 1 agst Pan, 20 to 1 against Chester, 25 to 1 against Brighton-Lass, 100 to 4 agst Tristram, and 100 to 2 agst Bradbury.—A very great betting race.—Brighton-Lass took the lead, and kept it until they came round Tottenham-Corner; then Clinker and Vandyke came up, and had a severe run; after which Rubens took the lead for a short time, and went by the Distance-Post; Pan then came up, and won by half a length.—It was allowed to be one of the finest races ever run for the above Stakes, and Frank Collinson rode in a masterly Yorkshire style.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-one Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke

Duke of Grafton's chesnut, Morel, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard (W. Clift) 1
Mr. Sitwell's bay, Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Pipylin's dam, by Trumpator (T. Goodisson) 2
Lord Barrymore's brown, Miranda, by Sorcerer, dam by Tandem (F. Collinson) 3
Mr. Lake's black, Oberea, by Sorcerer, out of Deceit, by Tandem .. 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Egremont's bay, Brighton Lass, by Gohanna 0
Lord Egremont's bay, Sister to Mouse, by Gohanna, out of Humming-Bird, by Woodpecker 0
Mr. Mellish's bay, Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Jeremy's dam, by Highflyer 0
Sir F. Standish's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam 0
Mr. Howorth's bay, Dilemma, Sister to Elizabeth, by Waxy 0
Mr. Ladbroke's bay, Trimbush, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Corsican's dam 0

Fifty-five to 20 agst Morel, 5 to 1 agst Miranda, 5 to 1 agst Gooseander, 6 to 1 agst Oberea, 7 to 1 agst Brighton-Lass, 100 to 7 agst Sister to Mouse, and 100 to 8 agst Agnes.—Brighton-Lass took the lead and kept it to Tottenham-Corner, when Morel took the lead, and won by a length and a half.—A great betting race.—*Double betting*, 9 to 1 agst Vandyke and Morel both winning.

Epsom Meeting, 1809.—*Thursday, May* 18.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; forty-five Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Pope, by Waxy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer, (T. Goodisson) 1
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Wizard, by Sorcerer, dam by Precipitate (W. Clift) 2
Duke of Rutland's br. c. Salvator, by Trumpator, out of Hop-picker, by Dungannon.. 3
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Fair Star, by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Sorcerer, Eleanor, &c. 4
Mr. Wyndham's ch. c. Trusty, by Worthy, dam by Precipitate, out of Everlasting 5
Lord Foley's br. c. Osprey, by Eagle, out of Miss Fury, (Sister to Chippenham) by Trumpator 6

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Cock Robin, by Don Quixote, out of Sancho's dam 0
Mr. Lake's b. c. Break, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Chester..... 0
Lord Lowther's b. c. Blue-Ruin, by Whiskey, out of Jemima, by Satellite 0
Sir J. Mawbey's br. c. Botleys, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin, by Alexander 0

Five

Five to 4 on Wizard, 9 to 2 agst Fair Star, 9 to 1 agst Salvator, 10 to 1 agst Cock Robin, 15 to 1 agst Osprey, 20 to 1 agst Pope, 100 to 4 agst Trusty, the same agst Break and Blue-Ruin.—Salvator took the lead, and kept it until they turned Tottenham-Corner, when Wizard passed him, and kept the lead whilst within a few strides of the Winning-Post, when T. Goodisson, the rider of Pope, who lay close by him, made one run serve for all, and won by a neck.—What is remarkable, Tom Goodisson had only one bet, which was 80 to 10 agst Pope.—He rode his horse with great skill and judgment, and gave much satisfaction.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-three Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Gen. Gower's brown, Maid of Orleans, by Sorcerer, out of a Sister to Champion, (John O'Gaunt's dam) by Pot8o's (Ben. Moss) 1

Sir G. Webster's black, Zaida, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina, by King Fergus (C. Goodisson) 2

Mr. Wilson's bay, Spindle, by Shuttle, out of Dimple, by Highflyer (W. Clift) 3

Gen. Grosvenor's bay, Chryseis, by Asparagus, out of Lady Jane, by Sir Peter Teazle (F. Collinson) 4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Lake's chesnut, Britannia, by Gouty, out of Lady Mayoress, by Precipitate 0

Lord F. G. Osborne's bay, Peggy, by Waxy, out of Drowsy, by Drone 0

Lord Egremont's chesnut, Castanea, by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker 0

Mr. Howorth's bay, Viscountess, by Waxy, out of Countess, by Sir Peter Teazle.................... 0

Mr. Blackford's bay, Sister to Quail, by Gohanna, out of Certhia, by Woodpecker 0

Mr. Lawrell's chesnut, Prophetess, by Sorcerer, out of Pamela, by Whiskey 0

Lord Grosvenor's bay, De Nymph, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nike, by Alexander (broke down) 0

Three to 1 agst Chryseis, 3 to 1 agst Britannia, 9 to 2 agst Spindle, 9 to 1 agst Zaida, 10 to 1 agst Castanea, 11 to 1 agst Prophetess, 15 to 1 agst Maid of Orleans, 15 to 1 agst Viscountess, 20 to 1 against Poppy, and 100 to 6 agst De Nymph.—The Maid of Orleans took the lead, and was never headed.

Epsom Meeting, 1810.—*Thursday, June 7.*—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; forty-five Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Whalebone, by Waxy; dam, Penelope, by Trumpator, out of Prunella, by Highflyer (W. Clift) 1

Lord Kinnaird's ch. c. The Dandy, by Gohanna, out of Active, by Woodpecker (W. Peirse) 2

Lord

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Eccleston, by Cæsario, out of Nike, by Alexander (S. Chifney) 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Hephestion, by Alexander, out of Olivia, by Justice 0

Duke of Grafton's br. f. Pledge, Sister to Pope, by Waxy, out of Prunella 0

Mr. Lake's ch. c. Breslaw, by Sorcerer, out of Maria, by Telemachus 0

General Gower's b. c. Abdiel, by Kill-Devil, out of L'Huile de Venus's dam 0

Lord Egremont's b. c. Interloper, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Chester 0

Major Wilson's bl. c. Erebus, by Young Whiskey, dam by Trumpator, Highflyer 0

Mr. Howorth's br. c. Revoke, by Trumpator, out of Doubtful, by PotSo's 0

Mr. Thompson's br. c. O. P. by Hambletonian, out of Mary, by Highflyer 0

Five to 2 agst Whalebone, 3 to 1 agst Pledge, 7 to 2 agst Hephestion, 8 to 1 agst Eccleston, and 8 to 1 agst The Dandy.—Whalebone took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

Friday.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the last mile and half; thirty-three Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Sir W. Gerard's bay, Oriana, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, by Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marsk, Match'em, &c. (W. Peirse) .. 1

Lord Foley's bay, Pirouette, by Young Eagle, out of Parisot, by Sir Peter Teazle (T. Carr) 2

Lord Grosvenor's bay, Donna Clara, by Cæsario, out of Nimble, by Florizel (F. Buckle) 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Astley's brown, Elve, by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer, out of Teucer's dam 0

Mr. Lake's bay, Sagana, by Sorcerer, dam by Woodpecker, out of Gohanna's dam 0

Mr. F. Craven's chesnut, Jannette, by King Bladud, out of Drug, by Precipitate 0

Lord Egremont's bay, Bag of Bones, by Gohanna, out of Amazon, by Driver 0

Sir C. Bunbury's bay, Cressida, Sister to Election, by Gohanna 0

Major Wheatley's black, Queen of Sheba, by Alexander the Great, dam by Trumpator, Highflyer 0

Duke of Grafton's brown, Pledge, Sister to Pope, by Waxy........ 0

Mr. Bouverie's bay, Echo, Sister to Walton, by Sir Peter Teazle.... 0

Two to 1 agst Pirouette, 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 agst Oriana, 5 to 1 against Donna Clara, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Pledge.—A very fine race, but won cleverly at the end.

Epsom

EPSOM MEETING, 1811.—*Thursday, May* 30.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; forty-eight Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Phantom, by Walton; dam, Julia, (Sister to Eleanor) by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Sorcerer, &c. (F. Buckle) 1
Mr. Astley's ch. c. Magic, (Brother to Elve) by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer, out of Teucer's dam (T. Carr) 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Rival, by Whiskey, out of a Sister to Orange-Flower, by Trumpator 0
Mr. Payne's ch. c. Mountebank, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Duxbury 0
Sir F. Standish's bl. c. Wellington, by Trumpator, out of Sylph, by Saltram 0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. Merry-go-round, by Trumpator, out of a Sister to Bangtail, by Highflyer 0
Mr. Lake's br. c. by Sorcerer, out of a Sister to Oatlands, by Dungannon 0
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Sir Sydney, by Sir Solomon, out of Totterella, by Dungannon 0
Lord Darlington's br. c. Hit-or-Miss, by Haphazard, out of Æthe, by Young Marsk 0
Lord Darlington's b. c. Timour, by Haphazard, out of Bacchanal's dam, by Mercury 0
Sir F. Standish's br. c. Beresford, by Mr. Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace, by Tandem 0
Mr. Blake's bl. c. Rapid, by Alexander the Great, dam by Buzzard, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator 0
Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Momus, by Quiz, out of Toboso, by Don Quixote 0
Mr. Shakespear's br. c. Jolter, by Trumpator, out of Margery, by John Bull 0
Mr. Norton's bl. c. Prince Regent, by Cockfighter, dam by a Brother to Recruit 0
Mr. Andrew's bl. c. Trophonius, by Sorcerer, dam by Dungannon, out of Flirtilla, by Conductor 0

Three to 1 agst Trophonius, 5 to 1 agst Phantom, 5 to 1 agst Hit-or-Miss, 7 to 1 agst Magic, 10 to 1 agst Mountebank, 12 to 1 agst Wellington, and 12 to 1 agst Merry-go-round.—Very severe play was made by Wellington and Merry-go-round until near the Distance-Chair.—Magic then took the lead, and Phantom never headed him until within the very last stride of the Winning-Post.—Buckle rode in his usual style of excellence.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the last mile and half; forty Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

☞ Sorcery having been named by the Duke of Rutland and Lord Rous, a double Stake was deposited for her, to prevent disputes about bets.

Duke of Rutland's bay, Sorcery, by Sorcerer; dam, Cobbëa, by Sky-scraper, Woodpecker, out of Heinel, by Squirrel (S. Chifney) .. 1
Sir F. Standish's bay, Sister to Pirouette, by Young Eagle (W. Clift) 2
Mr. Charlton's bay, Arquebuzade, by Sancho, out of Junius's dam, by Pot8o's 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir J. Shelley's brown, Circe, by Sorcerer, out of Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Mr. Craven's bay, Stingtail, Sister to Scorpion, by Gohanna 0
General Gower's brown, by Dick Andrews, out of Tiny, by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Lord Grosvenor's bay, Barrossa, by Vermin, out of Nike, by Alexander 0
Lord Derby's bay, Milonia, by Milo or Sir Peter Teazle, out of a Sister to Meteora, by Meteor.................................. 0
Mr. Dundas's bay, Philadelphia, by Washington, out of Miss Totteridge, by Dungannon 0
Mr. Durand's brown, Warren-Lass, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Princess, by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Mr. Blake's bay, Sprightly, by Whiskey, dam by Gouty............ 0
Mr. Forth's bay, Atalanta, by Walton, dam by Javelin 0

Three to 1 agst Sorcery, 5 to 1 agst the Sister to Pirouette, 6 to 1 agst Barrossa, 6 to 1 agst Circe, 8 to 1 agst Sprightly, 12 to 1 agst Milonia, 12 to 1 agst Stingtail, and 100 to 10 agst Arquebuzade.—Barrossa made severe play, until she came within a quarter of a mile of home—the Sister to Pirouette then took the lead, and kept it till within a few lengths of the Winning-Post, when Sorcery passed her, and won cleverly.

Epsom Meeting, 1812.—*Thursday, May* 14.—The Derby Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and half; forty-seven Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Ladbroke's br. c. Octavius, by Orville; dam, Marianne, by Mufti, out of Maria, by Telemachus (W. Arnold) 1
Lord Egremont's b. c. by Gohanna, out of Amazon, by Driver (W. Wheatley) 2
Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Comus, by Sorcerer, out of Houghton-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle (F. Buckle) 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Wisdom, by Sir Solomon, out of Totterella, by Dungannon 0
Mr. Stafford's b. c. Whitburn, by Firelock, out of Walton's dam, by Dungannon 0
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Ptolemy, by Quiz, out of Sorcery's dam 0
Lord Lowther's b. g. Dorus, Brother to Briseis, by Beningbrough .. 0

Sir

Sir F. Standish's b. c. by Young Eagle, out of a Sister to Duxbury, by Sir Peter Teazle 0
Mr. Hewett's b. f. Manuella, by Dich Andrews 0
General Gower's b. f. Anastasia, by Trumpator, out of Miss Pintoe, by Worthy 0
Mr. Mellish's ch. c. Flash, by Sir Oliver, out of Harriet, by Volunteer 0
Mr. Mellish's ch. c. Bodkin, by Trumpator, out of Lily, by Highflyer 0
Mr. Lake's b. c. Pointers, by Giles, out of Sagana's dam, by Woodpecker 0
Mr. W. B. Grey's b. c. by Sir Oliver, out of Rachellina, by Beningbrough 0

Three to 1 agst Comus, 7 to 2 agst Manuella, 7 to 1 agst Whitburn, 7 to 1 agst Octavius, 8 to 1 agst Dorus, 10 to 1 agst the Amazon colt, and 100 to 6 agst Wisdom, on whom Cliff took the lead to Tottenham-Corner; after which Octavius, the Amazon colt, and Comus came up, and had a severe run to the Distance-Post, when the two first singled themselves out, and contested the race in a desperate style, which was won by half a neck, and Comus was beat about a length.

FRIDAY.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the last mile and half; forty Subscribers.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Hewett's bay, Manuella, by Dick Andrews; dam, Mandane, by Pot8o's, out of Young Camilla, by Woodpecker (W. Peirse) . . 1
Duke of Rutland's bay, Elizabeth, by Orville; dam, Penny-Trumpet, by Trumpator, out of Young Camilla, by Woodpecker (S. Chifney) 2
Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Wilson's chesnut, Lady Sophia, by Sancho, out of Sophia, by Buzzard 0
Mr. Vansittart's chesnut, by Johnny, out of Momentilla's dam, by Diomed 0
General Gower's brown, Joan of Arc, by Sorcerer, out of a Sister to Champion, by Pot8o's 0
Mr. Farrell's bay, Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer, dam by Saltram, Herod 0
Mr. Dundas's bay, Anaconda, by Eagle, out of Jannette's dam, by Precipitate 0
Mr. Crockford's grey, Pandora, by Evander, dam by Highflyer 0
Captain Vyse's bay, Helen, by Whiskey, out of Brown Justice, by Justice 0
Mr. Batson's bay, Pranks, by Hyperion, out of Frisky, by Fidget . . 0
Gen. Grosvenor's chesnut, Guadiana, by Quiz, out of Granicus's dam, by Alexander 0

Eleven to 10 on Elizabeth, 9 to 2 agst Lord Egremont's filly, and 100 to 5 agst Manuella.—Buckle took the lead with Lady Sophia, and Manuella

Manuella ran close to her, whilst they passed the turn, when she took the lead, and Peirse observed that he had beat them all except Elizabeth; he then pulled, and let Chifney come up to him, when, after a very fine run, Manuella won cleverly by three parts of a length.

☞ *For an account of the Derby and Oaks' Stakes for* 1813, *see the Racing Calendar, page* 31, *in our Number for June last.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE PUGILISM.

A Correspondent at Tewkesbury, has transmitted us for insertion, the following account of a sanguinary battle fought near that town:—

"On Monday, November 1, a battle, which excited much interest among the *amateurs* and *professors* of *milling* in this neighbourhood, took place within a spacious roped ring, in a meadow at Treddington, three miles from Tewkesbury, between Mr. Thomas Clarke, a reputable farmer, of Aston Mill, and Thomas Bolter, a pig-killer, of Tewkesbury, for twenty pounds a side. The combatants set-to at nine o'clock, and in one hour and three-quarters fought sixty rounds.

"1st. Good sparring—C. drew blood from his antagonist's nose, and B. fell.

"2d. No particular advantage on either side, but B. came to the ground.

"3d. Good sparring—B. fell.

"4th. B. drew blood from his antagonist, a short rally ensued, and B. fell.

"5th. Capital hitting on both sides, but B. came down.

"6th. Short but sharp round, in which B. fell.

"7th. B. put in some good body hits, but C. returned them by a *leveller.*

"8th. B. hit C. well on the right side of the head—stopped a well-intended blow, and hit again on the left side of the head—good rally ensued, in which B. fell.

"9th. B. again came to the ground.

"10th. C. gave B. a good body blow, which B. endeavoured to return, but C. nearly stopped it, and B. slipped down.

"11th. A good deal of sparring, and B. knocked his antagonist down by a very clean and severe hit on the left cheek bone.

"12th. B. gave C. a *stomacher,* which C. returned by a blow on the temple, and brought him down.

"13th. B. again came to the ground.

"14th. A little sparring, which was succeeded by an uncommon good rally, in which C. had the decided advantage.

"15th. Severe fighting, and a sharp rally, in which both fell.

"16th, 17th, and 18th. No material advantage on either side.

"19th. Some good hitting, in which C. had the superiority, and brought B. down.

"20th. B. put in two good body blows, and a *facer,* but C. returned them with a *leveller* behind the ear.

"21st. B. gave a *mouther,* which told; but C. again brought him to the ground.

"22d. B. gave C. another *stomacher,* C. returned that by a well-planted body blow, and one in the face again brought him down.

"23d. Some severe hitting, B. put

put in a tremendous blow in his antagonist's throat, which C. returned by a blow on the temple, and brought B. to the ground.

" 24th. B. gave a tolerable *ribber*, but in return received a *facer*, which brought him down.

" 25th. A short round, which ended with little advantage on either side.

" 26th. Commenced with excellent sparring, both seemed shy of hitting for a while, and after two unimportant blows on each side, B. fell.

" 27th. B. gave C. a hard hit in the right eye, and a weaker blow in the neck, but C. brought him down with a blow in the temple

" 28th, 29th, 30th. Very short rounds, in which B. appeared weak, and in each round fell.

" 31st. C. gave a good *leveller*.

" 32d. A little sparring, and B. slipped down; some murmuring, on account of B. being supposed to have fallen without a blow.

" 33d. B. made some ineffectual attempts at the body of C. but the latter brought him to the ground by a blow on the temple.

" 34th. B. appeared to weaken, and fell from a slight *facer*.

" 35th. B. plucked up, and put in a good body blow, which was returned by C. by a good one on the head, and B. fell.

" 36th. Some severe hitting on both sides.

" 37th. B. seemed in good spirits, set-to handsomely, but B. had the disadvantage.

" 38th: A sharp round, in which B. received a *leveller*.

" 39th. A short but severe round; C. appeared rather winded, but, nevertheless, had the superiority.

" 40th. Sharp hitting on both sides, but B. fell.

" 41st. Good sparring, but little hitting.

" 42d. B. placed a hard hit on C.'s ribs, returned by C. on B.'s temple, and he fell, apparently weakened.

" 43d. B. hit C. on the ribs, and slipped down.

" 44th. C. gave B. a very good *facer*, which B. returned by a severe hit in the mouth, and after a short rally, B. fell.

" 45th. Many severe hits, in which C. *nobbed* B. and he fell.

" 46th. C. put in two or three good hits, B. appeared rather fainty, and eventually fell.

" 47th. C. made his antagonist stagger by a *facer*, but B. rallied bravely, though the round ended to his disadvantage.

" 48th. B. aimed some fierce blows at C.'s body, which were stopped; B. put in a blow in the mouth, and C. returned it by a another in the face, which brought B. down.

" 49th. Both appeared weak, C. gave his antagonist two blows in the face, which brought him to the ground.

" 50th. B. put in a tolerably good body blow, but C. returned it by one on the temple, and B. fell.

" 51st. C. went in boldly—a sharp struggle ensued, in which B. fell.

" 52d. A good rally, but C. had the superiority.

" 53d. A short round, but some very sharp hitting.

" 54th. Some good rallying, in which B. received a hard body blow, and a hit in the face, and fell.

" 55th. A short but sharp round, wherein C. had the advantage.

" 56th.

" 56th. C. gave his antagonist a blow on the temple, and B. fell.

" 57th. Some smart blows on each side.

" 58th. C. gave B. a body hit, but received in return a blow in the mouth, when C. brought him to the ground by a *stomacher.*

" 59th. Considerable sparring, B. put in a good blow in the face; C. returned it by a body blow, which brought B. down.

" 60th. C. gave B. a *stomacher,* which was succeeded by a short rally, in which B. fell, and whilst rallying, received a blow from C.

Here B.'s seconds interfered, and claimed the stakes, in consequence of a blow said to have been given *foully* by his antagonist.—C.'s friends insisted that no unfair blow was given; but B. and his friends persisted in their demand, though no one imagined that a *foul* blow was *intended,* and the matter was left to the umpires:—meanwhile, the combatants quitted the ground.

" The umpires being of different opinions, the matter was left to the decision of two respectable bye-standers, who, after a variety of consultations, at length agreed that the stakes should be drawn. A great deal of money depended upon the issue of the contest, but all wagers are of course considered void.

" Clarke is twenty-nine years of age, five feet eleven inches and a half high, and weighs 14st. 10lb.; Bolter is thirty-two years of age, five feet three inches high, and weighs 13st. 7lb.

" Bets were much in favour of Clarke at *setting-to,* and there was nothing like even betting during the contest. Clarke gained some credit among the *fancy* by standing up boldly to his man; he never *shifted,* or in the least appeared shy; he seemed throughout cool, and being much longer in the arms, and standing higher, enjoyed greatly the advantage during the whole battle.—Bolter appeared very confident, and fought in perfect good humour; in almost every round he hit or attempted to hit first, and though he sometimes put in some good *tellers* in his opponent's body, and now and then a smart *facer,* he very frequently hit short, and left himself open to the *punishment* of his antagonist. The blood flowed profusely from a severe wound received by Bolter in the temple in a former rencontre; and his adversary finding that a vulnerable point, very judiciously made very good *play* at it frequently. Bolter seldom did much execution after the first blow; and had Clarke been quicker and followed him up closer, it is supposed Bolter would have suffered much more in a shorter time; they both appeared somewhat deficient in *science,* though Clarke was the best stopper; but it must be confessed they both proved themselves nowise deficient in *bottom.* They neither of them were *punished* very greatly: Clarke got some heavy body blows, and his eyes were much swollen and *painted;* he also got a cut in the lip, and suffered considerably in his arm from *stopping.* Bolter was severely cut about the face, and behind the ear, had his eyes in *mourning,* and received some blows which told about the body. Had the dispute not arisen regarding the *foul* blow, there can be little doubt but Bolter would have soon been beaten. It is supposed that there were between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons present.

" Clarke was seconded by Smith and Crump, and Bolter by Randall

and

and Stone.—Mr. Ballonger, and Mr. C. Chandler, were the umpires.

ILSLEY COURSING CLUB MEETING.

ON Tuesday morning, the 9th instant, the members of this Club, met upon West Ilsley Down, for the purpose of running for the annual Cup, when eight brace of greyhounds, which were entered the day before, ran as follows:

Mr. Bunce's Behind, beat Mr. Thornhill's Tick.
Mr. Jones's Jilt, beat Mr. Stead's Darling.
Dr. Mitford's Maria, beat Mr. Nelson's Nero.
Mr. Simmon's Hal, beat Mr. Cox's Claret.
Mr. Goodlake's Gossamer, beat Mr. B. Morland's Magic.
Mr. Duffield's Diamond, beat Mr. Isherwood's Gypsey.
Mr. Davenport's Driver, beat Mr. Bacon's Beelzebub.
Mr. J. Ramsbottom's Restless, beat Mr. T. Thornhill's Maxim.

WINNERS MATCHED.

Mr. Jones's Jilt, beat Mr. Bunce's Behind.
Dr. Milford's Maria, beat Mr. Simmon's Hal.
Mr. Duffield's Diamond, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gossamer.
Mr. J. Ramsbottom's Restless, beat Mr. Davenport's Driver.
Mr. Jones's Jilt, beat Dr. Mitford's Maria.
Mr. J. Ramsbottom's Restless, beat Mr. Duffield's Driver.
Mr. J. Ramsbottom's Restless, beat Mr. Jones's Jilt.

Restless won the Cup.

The day being uncommonly fine, in addition to the members of the Club, upwards of two hundred horsemen assembled on the Downs, to partake of the pleasures of the day, which went off with general approbation—not only the members being satisfied with the decisions, but the whole field, and particularly the last course, which very often occasions a great deal of dispute; but the evident superiority of Mr. J. Ramsbottom's bitch Restless, did not admit of a moment's hesitation where the cup should be given. The members of the Club afterwards retired to Ilsley, where they partook of a most excellent dinner, and spent the evening with the utmost conviviality, particularly so being favoured by Mr. Fane and Mr. Ramsbottom, with some of their best songs. There was but one thing to throw the least damp upon the pleasures of the day, which was the absence of the Treasurer, Mr. Goodlake, from ill health.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HEZEKIAH'S VISIT TO A SUGAR BAKER'S,

Described in a Letter to his Cousin Obadiah, at Kidderminster.

MY DEAR OBADIAH,

AS you desired me, when we parted at Kidderminster, to give you a particular account of every thing in London worthy of description, I take up my pen to report to you the adventures of my first leisure day. As I was walking in the City on Monday, down one of the dingiest avenues you ever beheld, who should I see through a counting-house window, (the glass of which, by the bye, seemed as if it had been prepared to make observations on a solar eclipse) but

our

our old friend Hornsey! in I went, received a welcome draught with that good-humoured hospitality for which you know he is famed, and presently accepted his invitation to view the works of his "*Sugar House.*" Hornsey had scarcely conducted me twenty yards for this purpose, when I completely lost all sight of the sun, and found myself in the most infernal looking hole you ever witnessed, nearly resembling what I could fancy to be the interior of Beelzebub's kitchen at Christmas.—Imagine a most dismal and extensive vault, many *many* yards below the healthful level of the earth, with about a dozen enormous cauldrons filled with a boiling nauseous looking composition—around these bubbling ponds disposed divers grim-favoured animals more resembling demons than men, some armed with poles, some with brooms, and some with ladles, all busily employed in stirring up and superintending Old Nick's mock turtle, the ears assailed by the noisy splashing of a boiling torrent issuing from the roof, whilst a few torches or candles diabolically arranged, cast a demoniac tint over the whole of this Luciferian assemblage! The pestilential steams of the heated cauldrons had already invested my olfactory porches so potently, that I felt they would soon (like the fascinating ogle of the Rattlesnake) lure me into the very gulph, when luckily Hornsey, seizing one of the lights, desired me to follow him, a request I obeyed with extacy, naturally conceiving the pure air of heaven would soon re-garrison the citadel of my lungs—in this, however, I was woefully disappointed; for instead of retracing his steps, Hornsey led me up a *passage* which he called a *staircase*, but which, had it not been for his kind intimation, I should undoubtedly have taken for a certain *domestic outlet*, vulgarly yclept a *kitchen chimney!*—however up we went, and after some toil, arrived at another delectable position, from whence I caught a view, (with *what feelings*, you, my dear Obadiah, may guess) I say a view of an immense *cauldron of blood!* which, though my guide assured me it was merely taken from the plethoric carcasses of oil-fed bullocks, actually made the scarlet navigation of my own devoted body stand still and curdle. I now really lost all confidence in the character of my conductor—well knowing that many merchants for facilitating their dealings, have *establishments* abroad; it now occurred to my mind that this *apparent* sugar manufactory, could be nothing less than Old Nick's house of call in London—my friend, his agent, appointed to look out for orders—and *myself* destined as a new sample for importation! This delightful impression was not a little heightened by the consciousness that retreat was impossible, for in every corner where I looked for the means of escape, the orifice of some confounded suffocating flue-tube was sure to drive me back. Whilst in this condition, Hornsey again summoned me to advance, and I with the apathetic resignation of a sea-sick cockney in a Margate hoy, followed, almost indifferent about my fate, so completely had the infernal fumes of the place overcome me.—Up the *chimney staircase* again we toiled, to a distance about double the depth of the celebrated well at Carisbrook Castle, the prospect being *relieved* at intervals by immense repositories of large conical earthen cases, arranged with great exactness

exactness resting perpendicularly on their smaller ends—these, my guide informed me, were the pans in which the loaves were cast, and merely placed there till the sugar was dry; this *might* have been the case, but had my judgment been left to its own unbiassed discretion, I should certainly have taken what I saw, for a monkey's mausoleum, and pronounced the "*pans*" to have been the mummies of so many departed baboons. At length we arrived at an iron door, which, when Hornsey opened, I really thought it was all over with me! Beelzebub's own dentist, when cleaning his royal master's teeth, never beheld such an inflammable and suffocating orifice as this same door disclosed. This awful portal I *was told*, (but mark, Obadiah, I don't say, *believed*,) was the entrance to the drying-stove. I made my way from it as quickly as my limbs, distilling at every pore, could bear me. I observed Hornsey had, frequently, during our progress, offered me different specimens of sugar to taste, which I, for some time, systematically refused, for this reason—I had often heard, that artful recruiting serjeants made a practice of tempting unwary bumpkins at a fair to accept a piece of money, and then insisting that the poor fellows were fairly enlisted. Now the knowledge of this trick made it run strongly in my head, that Hornsey designed these same proffered samples of sugar by way of a bounty to entrap me unwittingly under the banners of diabolism. My belief of our friend's dark agency, was not a little encreased by the recollection, that at his private residence he has a room filled with divers infernal engines, devoted to the execution of *magical incantations*, under the specious veil of *chemical experiments*; besides which, I had seen in his counting-house a *black board*, nearly covered with mystical hieroglyphics in chalk, which he had plausibly described as an inventory of the sugars carted from the warehouse—but to detain you no longer, I will briefly state, that at last, after making more twistings and turnings than an eel in a wash tub, I once more reached the *open air*—but in *such* a condition! my skin coddled like a stewed glove, and my clothes so beslimed with treacle and bespangled with *sugary spar*, that I looked for all the world like the basaltic statue of the old witch in Wokey Hole! My spirits, however, you may suppose, soon revived and dissipated all suspicion of Hornsey's *infernal* relationship, though I shall certainly never see him again without thinking he is a *devilish* good fellow!—Should it, my dear Obadiah, ever be my lot to visit the lower regions, when the old gentleman shall see the ready alacrity with which I turn through his brimstone alleys and fumigated squares, he will certainly exclaim "*surely this man has visited a sugar baker's.*"

I shall set off by the Kidderminster stage on Monday—pray give my best love to cousin Deborah, and tell her when the coach shall stop at Kidderminster, it will not only be a joyful event to the horses, but likewise to—Your most loving cousin, HEZEKIAH.

ANECDOTE.

THE Editor of the life of Bishop Hough, of Winchester, has given a pleasant trait of his Lordship's good humour upon his being mistaken

mistaken by a Clergyman. This aged Clergyman, from a distant part of the kingdom, having occasion to visit London, where he had not been since his Oxford contemporary, then Bishop of Winchester, had been advanced to the mitre, thought he would take the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with his Lordship; but, by mistake, he directed the hackney coachman, he engaged, to set him down at the Bishop of Worcester's, at Chelsea. The Clergyman endeavoured in vain to excite any recollection in his Lordship of former days, till at length alluding to some early Oxford pranks, these quickened Bishop Hough's conjecture, and made him ring his bell; saying, to a gentleman present, "Oh, oh! now I understand it—it is a mistake; perhaps, Sir, you mean the Bishop of Winchester, not Worcester:—the palace is in another part of the town."

A NOBLE MEMBER OF THE WHIP CLUB.

A Portrait from Mr. Holstein's L'Intriguante; or, Woman of the World.

"AND are you my son Richard?" involuntarily passed Lord St. Orville's lips.

"I have always been told so, dam'me," was the gracious reply, with a loud laugh, which he intended should speak confirmation; "I am in high health and spirits, my good Sir, rode all the way post one hundred and thirteen miles to see you: set off express from the moment I heard you were in town: drove Flash and Sulky till they dropped; obliged to harness four new ones, dam'me.—Do you think I ever travel in any other way? No! dam'me, they call me Perpetual Motion: why, I've gained a wager of five hundred guineas by seeing you before eight o'clock to night.—Come Indy, make room for me; half famished—hungry as a hound—I did not eat more than a breakfast or so.—Fish is nothing but congealed water—soup only fills up the chinks—so now for a wing and a leg with a good slice of ham, by way of beginning."—"Off's the word" he continued, as seizing his knife and fork; then suddenly looking up at his father on the opposite side of the table, "dam'me, Sir, you have heard of me, I suppose, eh! Dick the Saint, and his horses, are all in the newspapers and the print shops—they call me the Bath Phæton—not a race ground perfect without a distant view of my tantivy; all to pieces I fear by this last. To this, poor devils! Sulky and Flash were always harnessed. In the foreground of the picture were Wildfire, Tarantula, and Beelzebub, my last pieces of horseflesh for the plate, dam'me! rather than not drive, I'd drive the world before me—carry a stop watch—know the hour to a second—never lose a bet by a moment—start fair and fresh—ride a mile in a minute certain as Childers."

"And," said his father interrupting him, "pass over common sense on the road, perhaps, but I don't think she would stop your course any time."

"Dam'me if any thing stops my course when I once set off—always going, but never knocked down—dam'me, gallop over men, women, children, dogs, and wheelbarrows—that's my way.—Why, zounds! I give more for horseflesh than any man in England; no one has a higher respect for the *race*—don't I prove it by living half my time

time in the stable—feeding up the brutes, and training them in my own way?—dam'me, I can tutor a kicking filly to a wincing blood; aye, and upon the most unmanageable—keep my seat better than any man in parliament."

THE VIEW HALLOO;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE WORLD.

No. IV.

A cader va chi troppo in alto sale.

Ambitious fool that mounts too high,
Is sure to end his course in thrall;
Like *Icarus*, who brav'd the sky,
The more tremendous prov'd his fall.

Folly declaims.

YOUR fondest wishes, glad to meet,
Once more, dear babes, I take my seat;
Ambition's race I still must praise,
None more deserves my sounding lays;
Though some there are as sour as sorrel,
That taunt my hunters after laurel;
I mean those wreaths wherewith they twine
Their sconces, seeming thus divine.
Yet snarling fellows such as these,
Besides themselves, none others please;
For let them grumble as they may,
My children all will have their way;
And to attain the palm of glory,
Turn backs on *Wisdom's* promontory,
And headlong rush amidst the sea
Of empty Fame's profundity.
Now as I treat of *Glory's game*,
And just now mentioned *Mistress Fame*,
'Twill make perhaps a good prescription,
To chronicle her true description.
Wherefore learn first—she's huge of size,
And spreads her wings to reach the skies;
While at her mouth, with puff'd out cheeks,
From trumpet, mighty things she speaks.
When lo! the bugle sudden cracks,
Ere she attains the grand climax;
Her bulky form, tho' late so fair,
Proves nothing else save colour'd air,
A rainbow, pleasing to the sight,
The flitt'ring phantom of delight,
That veers with ev'ry changeful blast,
And proves mere nothingness at last.
King *Archelaus*,* so fam'd at quirks,
Sprang from a maiden of all works;
Eumenes,† that did cut a sliver,
Had for papa a chariot driver,
Ere *Polyperchon*‡ ran stark mad
With pride:—He was a mere foot-pad.
When *Phocion*§ yet was young in cradle,
His parent made pot, pail, and ladle;
And *Cleon*,‖ who rear'd high his banner,
Serv'd 'prenticeship unto a tanner.
Wherefore plebeians, feel no shock,
Since great folks spring from lowly stock.
Still dearest babes there are beside,
Some further specimens of pride:
Witness the tow'ring disposition
Of fool *Menecrates*,¶ physician,
Who ranks 'fore Paul and Heaven's gate-keeper,
Calling himself point-blank—*Jupiter*.

* *Archelaus*, King of Macedon, was the son of a slave, named *Simicha*.

† This officer, who may rank as the most worthy of all the successors of Alexander, was the offspring of a common chariot-driver, which brings most forcibly to mind the rise of many Generals since the French revolution, whose origin was of the very lowest order.

‡ *Antipater* appointed the General now under review, to the Governorship of Macedonia, in preference to his own son; while Cassander, previous to his military exploits, had been guilty of highway robberies.

§ This renowned character, sirnamed the *Good*, who proved equally great in a private, as well as public station, was no other than the son of a manufacturer of hard wares.

‖ *Cleon*, General of the Athenians, was by trade a tanner, and his namesake, the tyrant of Sicyon, was a pirate on the high seas.

¶ The vain fool above recorded, was a physician of Syracuse, who assumed the costume of Jupiter, dressing his attendants as minor deities. He wrote an epistle to Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, with the following superscription:—"*Menecrates Jupiter, to King Philip, saluting*;" to which the Monarch returned for answer:—"*Philip to Menecrates, health and good sense.*" And upon being invited to a royal feast by the same monarch, the King ordered him a table set apart from the rest, whereon was placed nothing but incense, while the other guests were regaled with every luxury. This conduct at first delighted the ideot, but finding the effects of hunger operate upon his stomach, he retired from the banquet, complaining of ill treatment, while Philip enjoyed an hearty laugh at his expence.

For which, when at King Philip's treat,
They gave his godship naught to eat;
But plac'd him at a lonely table,
To sniff frankincense long as able;
Which so displeas'd my proud curmudgeon,
He fled with yearning guts, in dudgeon.

There was one *Anno*,* needs would be,
Like t'other a divinity;
Who bought a flock of singing birds,
To whom he taught prophetic words,
Importing:—Man should bend to 's nod,
'Cause they squall'd out—"*Anno's a god;*"
But having set the dickies free,
He lost his immortality,
For chirpers, when perch'd on green trees,
Forgot their lessons by degrees.

More tribes I have that do enhance,
The merits of self-arrogance;
My fools that boast a long descent,
Without the least impediment;
Whose mammys ne'er had wrong'd daddas,
By being guilty of *faux pas;*
But handed down quite unpolluted,
The blood of ancestors reputed;
Thus if twelve cent'ries past some Saxon,
Fam'd for the making a good *Caxon;*
Or Danish driver of milch cows;
A Celtic gelder of the sows,
Or Norman thief, that came here for
What he could steal—with conqueror.
Should either be *pure source*, from which
Your blood doth flow, so passing rich;
'Tis cause for mighty exultations,
And claims your country's compensations,
Which states have prov'd they'll free accord,
By titles of Prince, Duke, and Lord;
For after all that's said or sung,
The greatest from such sources sprung;
Wherefore I charge ye court ambition,
And for it headlong brave perdition,
The path to ev'ry comer's wide,
Illumin'd by the blaze of pride.
Ne'er stop to think of casualties,
By which ye may get broken knees,†
But gallop on, both rich and poor,
My graces always to ensure;
For whether ye succeed, or fail,
In either case my pow'r ye hail,
So being yours I'll ne'er turn tail.
But as I've been to friends before,
To you prove such for evermore.

DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT;

An Engraving.

THIS subject, we must admit, has little to do with sporting, nor was it intended (though a beautiful plate) for our Miscellany. The truth is, owing to the indisposition of our artist, who found himself unable to finish a plate he had in hand for this month's publication, we were favoured by a friend with the one here given. The subject is from Gray's Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, and which by way of illustration (it being short) we subjoin.

Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

* This child of pride, not content with his station as a mortal, was desirous of being regarded in a light superior to human nature, to accomplish which he taught a variety of birds to repeat the sentence—"*Anno is a God;*" which being effected, he gave them their liberty, trusting that they would continue to rehearse their lesson, which was, however, soon forgotten, when released, and enjoying their native regions.

† *Tolluntur in altrum*
Ut lapsu graviore ruant. CLAUDIAN.

Thus higher are they rais'd we see,
That greater still their fall may be.

Nor

Pinx.

Nor knew the gulph between :
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd).
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Nor all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT GAME OF POPINJAY.

WE are happy, says the indefatigable Mr. Moser, to rescue from oblivion, the amusement of the ancient Spittleonians, at the same time that we in opposition to the cruel pastimes of cock-fighting and cock-throwing, practised in Finsbury field, and bear-baiting in *Bear Wards*, now Hog-lane, or rather Worship-street; observe, that the *popinjay* was not a *living*, nor we believe a *stuffed parrot*, or rather a bundle of rags and feathers, formed into a rude resemblance of that bird, and placed upon a pole as a mark; but probably the figure of one of those gallic imitators, those compositions,

"Of fool and feather which they got in France."

Against this, Henry VIII. issued a proclamation, which was clapped upon the Court-gate, and levelled at a set of young gentlemen who we find appeared in

tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches and such types of travel;

and who from their flutter of silk velvet, and plumes, from the variety of their colours and their coxcomical appearance, obtained, among the plain, sober, and sensible *English*, the appellation of *Popinjays*. Popinjay, it therefore appears, was in those times, we mean in the reign of Elizabeth, as well as her father's, the vernacular appellation for a fop: if it had not been so, *Hotspur*, in Shakespeare, would not have complained of being—"so pestered with a Popinjay." And the game of *Popinjay* was probably the exercise of the *Toxopholite art*, by shooting with cross bows, stone pellets, and bird bolts, against a figure, rudely constructed we may suppose, but still so extravagantly dressed, as to bear a caricature resemblance of a species of persons who were to the city apprentices, water carriers; and the common people in general, objects of perpetual ridicule. Part of the Teasel Close, near Spitalfields, where the game was practised, was by Henry VIII. taken into the Old Artillery Garden, or Ground.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1813.

Ages. BY ALEXANDER, (SON OF ECLIPSE.) *No. of Prizes.*

5. CHESNUT Mare, Sir R. Brooke's, a Stakes at Tarporley 1
3. Rosebud, (late Chintz) Mr. Charlton's, 50l. at Tenbury, and 50l. at Monmouth 2
2. Rosette, Mr. Shawe's, 50gs. at Chester.................. 1

5. Rusholme,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

5. Rusholme, Mr. Rushton's, 40gs. at Manchester, and 70gs. at Warwick 2

BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT, (SON OF ALEXANDER.)

3. Chesnut Filly, (dam by Buzzard) Mr. Goodisson's, 50l. at Stamford, 50l. at Swaffham, and 70l. at Huntingdon; Lord Sackville's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 5
3. Macedonian, Lord Foley's, 75gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 2
4. Nettleham-Lass, Mr. Buckle's, 50l. at Peterborough, and 50l. at Beccles 2

BY ARCHDUKE, (LATE LORD DARLINGTON'S.)

3. Chesnut Filly, (dam by Richardson's Marsk) Sir T. Stanley's, 50gs. at Chester 1

BY BARNABY, (SON OF STRIDE.)

4. Yorick, Mr. Sherrington's, 80l. and 50l. at Ludlow, also 50l. at Warwick 3

BY BENINGBROUGH, (SON OF KING FERGUS.)

3. Bay Filly, (out of Palma) Duke of Leeds's, 300gs. at York 1
3. Chesnut Filly, Mr. Fisher's, 50l. at Stamford 1
4. Dorus, Mr. Batson's, 210gs. and 15gs. at Newmarket; 100gs. at Egham, also 40gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 5

BY YOUNG BENINGBROUGH, (SON OF BENINGBROUGH.)

4. Grey Colt, (dam by Delpini) Mr. Pearson's, 50gs. at Northallerton 1

BY BOASTER, (SON OF DUNGANNON.)

4. Boaster, (Mr. Lake's) 75gs. at Brighton; Captain Page Turner's, 60gs. at Brighton 2

BY BOBTAIL, (SON OF PRECIPITATE.)

4. Bobadil, Mr. Shakespear's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
5. Demetrius, Mr. Biggs's, the Bristol Gold Cup, with 50gs. added, at Bath 1

BY BROWN-BREAD, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

4. Biscuit, Sir B. R. Graham's, 350gs. at York; Mr. W. Wilson's, 50l. at Edinburgh, 50l. at Stirling, and 50l. at Perth 4

BY CÆSARIO, (SON OF JOHN BULL.)

6. Donna Clara, Lord Sackville's, twice 200gs. at Newmarket 2
6. Eccleston, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200gs. the Garden Stakes of 600gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 3

BY CALEB QUOT'EM, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

2. Bay Filly, (out of Daffodil) Lord Montgomerie's, 60gs. at Irvine 1

BY CAMILLUS, (SON OF HAMBLETONIAN.)

3. Cameleopard, Lord Milton's, 300gs. at York, 175gs. at Pontefract, and 1200gs. at Doncaster 3
4. Caroline, Mr. Shawe's, 50l. at Manchester, 50gs. at Ormskirk, and 50gs. at Lichfield 3
3. Fugitive, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 180gs. at Stamford, the Produce Stakes of 1050gs. at York, and the Gascoigne Stakes of 350gs. at Doncaster 3

3. Grey

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

3. Grey Colt, (Brother to Oiseau) Mr. Garforth's, 140gs. at York .. 1

BY CHANCE, (SON OF LURCHER.)

5. Grimalkin, Duke of Rutland's, 600gs. at Newmarket 1

BY CHAUNTER, (SON OF PIPATOR.)

6. Elvira, Mr. J. Webb's, 45gs. at Lichfield, and 50l. at Uttoxeter.. 2

BY CHESHIRE-CHEESE, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

3. Bertram, Sir T. Stanley's, 100gs. at Chester, 50gs. at Knutsford, 80gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and 100gs. at Wrexham 4
5. Cross-Bow, Sir H. Lippincott's, 125gs. at Maddington, 100gs. at Bibury, and 50l. at Bath. 3

BY COCKFIGHTER, (SON OF OVERTON.)

5. Merryfield, Mr. Barlow's, 100gs. and twice 50gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Villiers's, 125l. at Huntingdon, 70gs at Northampton, 50l. at Leicester, and 50l. at Walsall. 7
6. Sunley, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, a Pipe of Old Port at Catterick 1
5. Uncle Dick, Mr. Price's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 70l. at Newton; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, at Newcastle-under-Lyme 3

BY COMPETITOR, (SON OF ECLIPSE.)

4. Eleanor, Mr. Baillie's, 50l. at Lamberton, and 50l. at Perth 2

BY CORIOLANUS, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

4. I'm-sure-he-sha'n't, Mr. Trafford's, 70l. at Lancaster 1
6. Morgiana, Mr. C. Day's, 120gs. and 75gs. at Cardiff 2

BY DELPINI, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)

6. Bustler, Mr. Leyson's, 50l. at Bridgewater 1
5. Epperston, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50l. at Malton; Mr. W. Egerton's, 80l. at Manchester; Sir M. M. Sykes's, the Ladies' Purse at York, and 60gs. at Pontefract 4
5. Harriet, Mr. Uppleby's, 60gs. at Beverley, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Richmond, and 50l. at Northallerton 3
4. Young Delpini, Mr. T. Sykes's, the Produce Stakes of 500gs. at York 1

BY DIAMOND, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)

3. King of Diamonds, (out of Parvula's dam) Mr. Painter's, 60gs. at Warwick, and 90gs. at Stafford 2
3. Knave of Diamonds, (out of Lampedosa) Sir H. Mainwaring's, 70l. at Newton, 50gs. at Knutsford, twice 50l. at Wrexham, and 60gs. at Tarporley 5
5. Miss Forester, Mr. Whitehurst's, 50gs. at Nottingham, and 60gs. at Chesterfield 2
4. Queen of Diamonds, Sir H. Mainwaring's, 50gs. at Knutsford, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Nottingham, and 80gs. at Shrewsbury 3

BY DICK ANDREWS, (SON OF JOE ANDREWS.)

2. Alfana, Mr. Watt's, 280gs. at York 1
3. Altisidora, Mr. Watt's, 80gs. at York, the St. Leger Stakes of 1225gs. and 320gs. at Doncaster 3

2. Bay

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

2. Bay Colt, (Brother to Tom Tit) Mr. Dawson's, the Tyro Stakes of 100gs. at Newcastle 1
3. Br. Colt, (out of Tamborine) Mr. Watt's, 150gs. at York 1
4. Cwrw, Lord Darlington's, 200gs. at Newmarket 1
3. Miss Tosiloss, Mr. J. Hill's, 50l. at Nottingham 1
4. Tom Tit, Mr. Watt's, Handicap Purse at Beverley; Mr. Robertson's, 50l. at Stirling; Mr. Moray's, 50l. at Perth.......... 3
3. Tramp, Mr. Watt's, 100gs. and 40gs. at Malton; also 60gs. at Beverley 3

BY DITTO, (WILLIAMSON'S.)

2. Brown Filly, (out of a Sister to Sligo) Mr. H. Fletcher's, 80gs. at Richmond 1
3. Da Capo, Sir T. Stanley's, 43gs. at Ormskirk, and a Handicap Stakes at Newcastle-under-Lyme 2
3. Tomboy, Mr. Dalrymple's, 50gs. at York; Mr. Hawkes's, 60gs. at Chesterfield 2

BY DON QUIXOTE, (SON OF ECLIPSE.)

7. Levant, Mr. Boast's, 50l. at Hereford 1

BY DOTTEREL, (SON OF BUZZARD.)

5. Rail, Mr. Whitmore's, 50l. at Bibury 1
a. Robin Hood, Mr. Peach's, twice 50gs. at Blandford, and 60gs. and 50gs. at Bodmin 4

BY DRIVER, (SON OF TRENTHAM.)

5. Spinning Jenny, Mr. Harnew's, a Stakes at Barton 1

BY EAGLE, (SON OF VOLUNTEER.)

2. Aquilina, His R. H. the Duke of York's, 100gs. at Ascot-Heath; Mr. Lake's, 100gs. at Newmarket 2
6. Asmodeus, Lord Jersey's, the first Class of the October Oatlands Stakes of 240gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
2. Bay Colt, (out of a Sister to Expectation) Mr. Benson's, 90gs. at Stafford 1
3. Chesnut Filly, (out of Rosetta) Lord Suffield's, 100gs. at Swaffham, and 25gs. at Yarmouth 2
3. Eaglet, Mr. Roalfe's, 70gs. at Canterbury.......... 1
7. Osprey, Lord Foley's, 150gs. at Newmarket.......... 1
3. Robert Burns, Sir H. D. Blair's, a Handicap Purse at Ayr; Lord Queensberry's, 50gs. 100gs. and 50l. at the Caledonian-Hunt.... 4
6. Scrub, Mr. C. Norton's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1

BY YOUNG EAGLE, (BROTHER TO EAGLE.)

4. Bay Colt, (out of a Sister to Duxbury) Lord Sackville's, 50l. 50gs. 200gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket 5

BY EVANDER, (SON OF DELPINI.)

3. Cast-off, Mr. Heath's, 50l. at Stirling 1
4. Coldstream, Mr. Shawe's, 60gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyme, 60gs. at Derby, and 50gs. at Lichfield.......... 3

4. Pericles,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

4. Pericles, Mr. Tibbett's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50gs. at Stamford; Mr. Watson's, 100gs. and the King's Purse of 100gs. at Canterbury 4

BY EXPECTATION, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

3. Bay Colt, (Brother to Kilham) Mr. Hopper's, 50gs. at Morpeth.. 1
4. Hamlet, Mr. Smith's, 50l. at Grimsby 1

BY FIRELOCK, (SON OF BENINGBROUGH.)

4. Lutzen, (late Whitburn) Mr. Trevanion's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Ascot-Heath 1

BY GAMENUT, (SON OF WALNUT.)

3. Curlew, Mr. Northey's, 25gs. at Newmarket..................... 1
3. Gatty, Mr. Farquharson's, 50l. at Blandford.................. 1

BY GAUNTLET, (SON OF JOHN BULL.)

4. Defiance, Gen. Grosvenor's, the King's Purse of 100gs. for mares, 50l. and the Jockey-Club Purse of 50gs. at Newmarket; the Queen's Purse of 100gs. at Chelmsford; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 110gs. in specie, and twice 70gs. at Northampton.. 7

BY GILES, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)

3. Aladdin, Mr. Lake's, 100gs. at Newmarket; His R. H. the Duke of York's, 550gs. and 70gs. at Ascot-Heath; also 400gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Lake's, 400gs. 300gs. and the second Class of the October Oatlands Stakes of 240gs. at Newmarket 7
3. Bay Filly, (out of Mony Musk) Lord Darlington's, 300gs. and 75gs. at Newmarket 2
3. Chesnut Colt, (out of Romance) Mr. Lake's, 190gs. at Epsom; Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Hereford........................ 2
3. Eurus, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath 1
3. Miss Whipthong, Mr. Stone's, 50gs. and 50l. at Epsom; Mr. Blake's, 50gs. at Newmarket 3
4. Pointers, H. R. H. the Duke of York's, 80gs. at Ascot-Heath; Mr. Lake's, 200gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket 4

BY GLAUCUS, (SON OF DIOMED.)

5. Doubtful, Mr. Birch's, the Cup, value 50l. at Wrexham 1

BY GOHANNA, (SON OF MERCURY.)

3. Claudio, Lord C. H. Somerset's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket.. 2
5. Dorina, Mr. Biggs's, 175gs. at Kingscote, and 50l. at Chippenham 2
5. Mountebank, Mr. Dundas's, 120gs. at Maddington, 120gs. at Ascot-Heath, 50l. at Winchester, 45gs. at Stockbridge, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Salisbury, the Cup, value 60gs. at Abingdon, and 25gs. at Newbury 7
4. Mount-Pleasant, (late Writing) Mr. Pengree's, 50l. at Canterbury 1
3. Punic, Lord Egremont's, 50gs. at Lewes; Mr. Udny's, 81l. 10s. at Newmarket 2

BY GOLUMPUS, (SON OF GOHANNA.)

5. Beverley, Sir H. Lippincott's, 50gs. and 50l. at Bibury, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Blandford; also 10gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Exeter.. 5

Ages. *No. of Prizes*

4. Catton, Lord Scarbrough's, 70l. at Preston, the King's Purse of 100gs. at York; also 130gs. and 100l. at Doncaster......... 4
4. Otterington, Mr. Rob's, 126gs. at Newcastle 1
4. Uncle Toby, Mr. Benson's, 60gs. at Chester, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Lichfield, and 75l. at Stafford 3
4. Weasel, Mr. Bloss's, twice 50l. at Broxash, and 50l. at Warwick..

BY GOVERNOR, (SON OF TRUMPATOR.)

2. Bay Colt, (dam by Spadille) Duke of Hamilton's, 220gs. at York, and 240gs. at Doncaster ....
4. Ploughboy, Duke of Hamilton's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 90gs. in specie, at Lancaster; Sir W. Foulis's, 50l. at Pontefract, and 70gs. at Lincoln..........................
4. Sober Robin, Mr. Sherrington's, 85gs. at Manchester; and 50l. at Nantwich ....
4. Tinker Barnes, Mr. Painter's, 70l. at Newton, and 71l. at Worcester ....

BY GOUTY, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

6. Gaiety, Mr. M'Gill's, twice 50l. at Cupar, and the King's Purse of 100gs. at the Caledonian-Hunt ....

BY HAMBLETONIAN, (SON OF KING FERGUS.)

5. Camerton, Mr. Biggs's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50gs. at Goodwood; 92l. at Maddington, the King's Purse of 100gs. at Winchester, and 125gs. at Stockbridge ....
5. Hamlet, Mr. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Epsom, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, twice 50l. at Egham, and 140gs. at Newmarket ....
3. Molineux, Mr. L. Hartley's, 70l. at Carlisle ....
7. Smallhopes, Mr. Miles's, 50l. at Bodmin ....
4. Tam-a-Shanter, Sir W. Maxwell's, 100gs. at Irvine, and 50gs., at Edinburgh ....

BY HAPHAZARD, (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.)

3. August, Mr. Watson's, 50l. at Canterbury ....
3. Caterpillar, Lord Jersey's, 140gs. and 150gs. at Ascot-Heath ....
3. Don Cossack, Mr. Villiers's, 650gs. 200gs. 100gs. twice 200gs. 71l. 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket ....
4. Historia, Mr. Thornhill's, 200gs. at Newmarket ....
5. Hit-or-Miss, Mr. Egerton's, 60gs. at Newcastle-under-Lyme, 50l. at Oswestry, and 50gs. at Holywell ....
4. Perhaps, Mr. Fisher's, 50l. at Winchester..........................
3. Thirza, Mr. Charlton's, 40gs. at Hereford ....
4. Venture, Mr. Lake's, the first Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 625gs. at Newmarket; His R. H. the Duke of York's, 160gs. at Ascot-Heath, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Egham, and 85gs. at Newmarket ....
5. X Y Z, Mr. Riddell's, 70l. at Durham; 50l. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 60gs. in specie, at Newcastle; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, at Ormskirk; also the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 33gs. added, and 113l. at Richmond....

Ages.	BY HEDLEY, (SON OF GOHANNA.)	No. of Prizes.
3.	Idle-Boy, Mr. Batson's, 100gs. and 300gs. at Newmarket	2
	BY HERMES, (SON OF MERCURY.)	
2.	Bay Filly, (out of Vicissitude) Lord Strathmore's, 160gs. at Catterick-Bridge	1
	BY HEROD, (SON OF CONYERS NORTON, BY PHLEGON.)	
4.	Spanking Fanny, Mr. J. Jackson's, the two Hunters' Stakes at Penrith, and the Hunters' Stakes at Northallerton	3
	BY HICKWALL, (SON OF WOODPECKER.)	
4.	Bay Colt, Mr. Wakeman's, 67l. 15s. at Tenbury, and 50gs. at Broxash	2
	BY HYACINTHUS, (SON OF CORIANDER.)	
4.	Geranium, Mr. Brandling's, 50l. and 60l. at Morpeth	2
5.	Hector, Mr. Robinson's, 50l. at Carlisle	1
5.	Woodbine, Mr. Nalton's, 50gs. at Lancaster, and 50gs. at Preston	2
	BY HYPERION, (SON OF HIGHFLYER.)	
4.	Pranks, Mr. Batson's, 75gs. twice 50l. and 30gs. at Newmarket ..	4
	BY JOHN BULL, (SON OF FORTITUDE.)	
4.	Bay Colt, (out of Miss Whip) Lord Montgomerie's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50gs. at Irvine, also twice 50l. at Ayr	4
3.	Blue-Stockings, Lord Eglinton's, 250gs. at Irvine, and 80gs. at Ayr	2
a.	Bounty, Mr. Baird's, 85gs. at the Caledonian-Hunt............	1
3.	Chesnut Colt, (out of Trifle) Lord Montgomerie's, 200gs. at Lamberton	1
5.	Sandy-o'er-the-Lee, Mr. Baird's, 50gs. at Lamberton, and 60gs. at Kelso	2
	BY JOHNNY, (SON OF KING FERGUS.)	
	Bay Mare, Capt. Montague's, 49gs. at Reading	1

(To be continued.)

CASE OF A DOG.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE diseases of the canine species are of such terrible consequence, excite so much alarm, and are so liable to be mistaken, that I am tempted to send you a case which I witnessed a few days since, and which appears to me worthy of remark :—A spaniel was wandering about the streets in the environs of the town, near my house, obviously lost. After a time, he found an opportunity to enter, and it being night, I could not find it in my heart to turn him out, hungry, wearied, and distressed, as he appeared to be, more particularly on the conviction that such must be the treatment he had to expect, should I discard him; in addition to his being probably harassed and driven up and down as an outcast, just in proportion to his forlorn and poverty-stricken state. He was extremely foot-sore, shewed high keep, and accustomed to comfortable lodging. The night was cold, and as it afterwards appeared, the place in which he was put to rest, was very different to such as he had been accustomed to. The next

day he was very visibly amiss, and during several days, denoted by his motions that something ailed his loins or hinder quarters, and he always shewed great reluctance to go to his bed. His disorder increased, and he became exceedingly fretful, turning his head towards his flanks, and growling in a very alarming manner. Being with difficulty turned into an adjoining passage, he was seized with the most violent paroxysms, running round, howling and barking with all his might, until he was so exhausted, that his tongue lolled out, and he panted as after a hard chase. The cry in the family was instant, 'the dog is mad, or going mad.' However, after this violent exhaustion, he became composed, and was driven to his bed. In the morning, nothing ailed him but weakness and apparent uneasiness from cold, and on being suffered to approach the fire and allowed warmer lodging, he almost immediately recovered.—It seems probable, that having been accustomed to a warm stable, or some such lodging, the change, on his being lost, to cold and damps, might bring rheumatism upon his loins, or affect his kidnies and bladder; which is addressed to those who have no conception that a dog or cat can take cold. I shall conclude with a word in the ear of those also, who have the habit of turning their animals out of doors, on being weary of them, than which nothing can be more barbarous and inconsiderate. Such are entitled to an *everlasting* provision from their owners.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. J.

ANECDOTES OF DR. PRIESTLEY AND WILL. WHISTON.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Sent you last Number an anecdote or two, and could easily demonstrate to you that my budget is pretty well furnished in that way, but at present I must be sparing.

Nobody attends to the thundering denunciations of the prophetess Joanna—Southcote, I mean. She is a poor, illiterate, silly creature, not a little cracked probably—at any rate, too silly to have any extensive views. The same cannot be unreservedly said of the late coal-heaving saint, whose views, if they were not extensive or national, were very obvious, and admirably forwarded by his disciples—witness the sale of the great chair and the waggon!*—Mighty well—this is all in character, and as it ever has been—the blind leading the blind, or the ignorant and crafty leading the blind. But what are we to say—where are we to hide our heads for shame, when the learned, the scientific, the pious, and the otherwise enlightened, give vent to as gross fooleries as the ignorant, the blind, and the crafty? Let all those to whom these presents shall come greeting, by no means fail to prepare against the stupendous events about to take place next year. In the year 1794, the late Dr. Priestley prophesied that the second appearance of Christ would take place in twenty years. Will. Whiston, however, had taken precedence of the Doctor, as a prophet, for al-

* At a sale at Naldret's farm, in Sussex, the property of the late Rev. Mr. Huntington, so eager were his followers to possess some RELIC of the departed *Saint*, that the first lot, *a waggon*, was actually, and *bona fide*, put up and knocked down at *twelve hundred pounds*! which sum was immediately paid over to the clerk!—*Lewes Journal.*

most

most a century before: having foretold a similar event, in the same number of years; he had nevertheless the conscience to ask thirty years' purchase for a small estate, which he had to sell!—Tantararara!

AN OBSERVER OF THE TIMES.

ON SHOEING THE HORSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

MUCH has been said of late, or rather repeated, in your pages, on the subject of making horse shoes—how Mr. Coleman, Col. Bloomfield, and various other Gentlemen blacksmiths, produce their novelties and wonders in this line—how they all differ, yet how they all succeed—how they are all infallible, and how each and every one of them makes the best shoe. Now this is all mere *repetitur haustus,* and they who do us the favour to drench us with it, I suppose will get tired as we become sick. The subject being started, however, let us try if we cannot elicit a few sparks of novelty out of it. Let us turn it, and see how it will look on the other side.

Mr. Bracey Clarke, the Veterinary Surgeon, after much experimental labour, proposes in his work on the subject, to throw aside the iron shoe entirely, and shoe the horse after the simple mode of antiquity, with leather and straps. Not however to exclude the assistance of iron altogether, but totally to avoid driving nails into the hoof. Now this is a novelty, I have reason to believe to a great number of persons, probably to the majority, and if new discoveries must be the theme, and nothing else will go down it seems, Mr. Clark has a right to stand in the front rank, or rather alone, as an original; for most assuredly, he has had no modern precursors or instructors; and if he could possibly bring his plan to abide the severe tests of practical utility, he would richly merit the homage of the present and future times, as one who had done more to relieve animal misery than ever other man did. The accumulated tortures endured by the horse, from nails being driven up his tender hoofs, their gradual destruction, and the barbarities inflicted upon him in consequence, and in proportion to his inability and just title to commiseration, are sickening to humanity. The field of science and art is extensive, almost boundless; would, that we might hope for something in this way to relieve the most meritorious and most suffering of animals.

In the mean time, has any one within the extensive range of the *Sporting Magazine,* made trial of Mr. Clark's new method? If such trial has been made, the experimenter, I will be bound to say, will confer a singular favour upon all readers interested in the horse, by a communication of the result. Surely some person who rides merely for health and to change the scene, and such are generally in want of an object on their little journies, might, out of curiosity, and as food for attention, make an experiment of this kind. Again, are there any horses, now a-days, ridden journies upon the common roads, with the low-heeled shoe and the quarters and frogs exposed? If such be really the case, as has so often been pretended, an account of the whose, the which, and the where, with a few examples for our inspection, would be highly acceptable.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A HORSEMAN.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Poor strolling player was once caught performing the part of a poacher; and being taken before the magistrates, assembled at a quarter-sessions, for examination, one of them asked him what right he had to kill a hare, when he replied in the following parody on Brutus's Speech to the Romans, in defence of his killing Cæsar:—

"Britons—Hungrymen—and Epicures!—hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for my honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare's, to him I say, that a Poacher's love for hare was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why a Poacher rose against a hare, this is my answer—not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather that this hare were living, that I died quite starving; than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was plump, I rejoice at it; as he was nimble, I honour him; but as he was eatable, I slew him. There are tears for his beauty, joy for his condition, honour for his speed, and death for his toothsomeness. Who is here so cruel would see me a starved man? If any, speak, for him have I offended.—Who is here so silly that would not take a tit bit? If any, speak, for him have I offended.—Who is here so sick that does not love his belly? If any, speak, for him have I offended."—"You've offended justice, sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience at this long and strange harangue, which began to invade the time that his own belly told him had arrived. "Then," replied the culprit (guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench), "since justice is dissatisfied, it must needs have something to devour; heaven forbid I should keep any justice from dinner; so, if you please, I'll wish your worships a good day, and a good appetite." The Magistrates, eager to retire, and somewhat pleased with the fellow's last wish, gave him a reprimand in exchange for the hare, and let him go.

THE LAWYER AND CLIENT.

An Epigram.

Two *Lawyers*, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before;
"Zounds," said the *Client*, "I would fain know how
"You can be friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool," said one, "we Lawyers tho' so keen,
"Like sheers, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

NIM.

Good and Bad Wine.—A drab-cloathed wine-merchant, the other day, called upon one of his customers for payment for a pipe of wine

wine which he had sold him. The gentleman demurred, in consequence of the wine having proved very bad, and demanded a large abatement. The merchant, on the other hand, insisted on the superior quality of the wine he had sent; but in vain;—his customer decanted a bottle of it to prove his assertion. Honest Yea-and-Nea, then changed his tone: " Well, friend, I see thou art right—this wine is very bad indeed, I hope it was not all like this? Thee hadst a few good bottles out of the pipe?" —" Why, to be sure," said the other, " I must own there were a few good ones." " I am glad to hear that, however," said Broadbrim: " Dost thee think that one in ten has been good?"—" Why, to be honest with you," said the other, " I think one in ten was as good wine as I ever drank, but the rest was as bad as this you have tasted." " Thou hast quite satisfied me, and I hope to satisfy thee —that the wine I sent thee was good, and that thy bottles and corks were bad, for I never yet knew a man draw both good and bad wine out of the same pipe." It is needless to say there was no abatement for inferiority.

ON A THIN OLD MAID, WHO PAINTED AN INCH THICK.

Cosmelia, Cupid might disarm,
(Thought I, as yesterday I past her,)
For, though fair *flesh and blood* may charm,
Who'll fall in love with *lath and plaister?*

A Country Paper notices the sudden death of a strolling player, after drinking *twenty-six glasses of gin*; a punster observed, that such an *exit* was most *dram*-atic.

A person who had entered into a losing concern, and whose partner had become a bankrupt, was asked by one of the Commissioners sitting at Guildhall, if he was not a *sleeping* partner?—" No," he replied, and added, " So far from being a *sleeping* partner, I have not had a wink of *sleep*, since I found myself enthralled in this unfortunate speculation.

AS I did lonely in my garret sit,
Mending old shoes, and cobbling up new wit;—
Chance brought me, play bills, to wrap up my shoes,
Which spoke of two new efforts of the muse.—
Thinks I; at these, " I'se like to have a shy,"
So, perch'd among the gods at night, was I;
The " First Impressions*" soon on my poor head
Impress'd the rectitude of going to bed;
For sleepy soon I got, and then went home;—
Next night to Covent Garden did I roam:
But I must say, this " Miller and his Men*"
Should all be coblers, or be damn'd, and then,—

ATTICUS COBLERUS.

* New Dramas lately produced.

TO A TOPER IN LOVE.

'Tween women and wine, Sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For *wine* makes his *head* ache,
And *woman* his *heart!*

A bacchanalian Anabaptist preacher, named John Williamson, resident in the State of Virginia, was lately deserted by his congregation, for giving as a toast in a convivial hour—

" The Lord—, and may he send us good wine!"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON the first day of Northallerton Races, Mr. James Croft purchased Mr. Cooper's *Villager*, by Sancho, dam by Sir Solomon, out of Attraction, by Magnet.

The Marquis of Queensberry purchased *Robert Burns* (before he began to run so successfully), of Sir D. H. Blair, for 85gs.—He was got by Eagle, his dam by Meteor, out of Cowslip (sister to the Maid of All-Work), by Highflyer.

Mr. W. Wilson has sold *Biscuit* to Mr. Hay, of Dunce Castle, Scotland, for 125gs.—He was got by Brown-Bread; his dam Katherine (Little Fanny's dam), by Delpini, out of Doncaster's dam, by Paymaster.

ON Monday, the 1st instant, the Essex fox-hounds met at a large field at Oak Park, when, after a smart brush, they lost their fox near Harford End Mill; a game fox was shortly after unkennelled at Chapple Wood, which led them a severe run of two hours and forty minutes, through the Roothing country. Reynard gave them the *go-bye* behind Hatfield Broad Oak, leaving many of the sportsmen to seek their homes with tired horses, at a distance of near thirty miles. On the 3d instant, the same pack had one of the finest runs ever known in the chase: they found early in the day, at the place of meeting, Marks; the scent was excellent: they ran very hard to Tilty Woods, and through Lord Maynard's Park, leaving Dunmow High Wood on the right, going to Old Park, where the huntsman, having a very bad fall, that active manager, H. Conyers, Esq. sprang forward, and led the hounds in a most gallant manner through the Roothings, by Skreen's Park, making a half circle to Witney Wood, where, being headed by a countryman, the fox returned through a number of favourite covers, to Canfield Heart, where the hounds ran into him in fine style. The only sportsmen in at the death (which were numerous at first setting out), were J. A. Houblon, M. P. H. Conyers, Chamberlayne, jun. and Chadick, Esqrs.

LORD Petre's harriers met on Monday, the 1st instant, near Herongate, Essex; after running a hare into a farm yard, his Lordship making a cast, started afresh, which continued the chase in so severe a manner for two hours as to knock up all the horses.

AN old sportsman, who has been in the habit of hunting with different packs of fox-hounds in Dorset, and other counties, confesses that he never recollects to have seen (so early in the season) two such days sport as he witnessed with Mr. Farquharson's hounds on Friday, the 29th of October, and on Friday the 5th of November—the former day affording to a numerous field of horsemen a severe and rapid run, the hounds killing a gallant old fox at the distance of about twelve miles from his kennel; and the latter, the fascinating

variety

variety of a true fox chase; viz. a burst of six or eight miles over a fine vale; cool hunting for as many more; then a race for twenty minutes from a fresh view of him to his death, which was near Mr. Yeatman's house at Stock, a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from the place where he was unkenneled; and the writer of this paragraph acknowledges never to have seen more unremitted exertions in a huntsman in encouraging and cheering his hounds over bad ground and delicate scent, or more skill and judgment in making his casts; neither more perseverance and sagacity in hounds, being completely answerable to his endeavours to retrieve the line of scent, and which were crowned at last with the most gratifying success. It would be unpardonable not to mention that the respectable owner of Stock House, after this long and remarkable chase, which ended at four o'clock, opened his doors in a hospitable and liberal manner, not to be surpassed in any county, to between thirty and forty horsemen, (most of whom being from fifteen to twenty miles from home,) who were treated with most excellent wines and refreshments of every description.

William Pole Tilney Long Wellesley, Esq. has given up his hunting establishment—hunters, stag-hounds, &c. were to muster for sale, at Tattersall's, on the 24th instant.

The Goodwood fox-hounds, with their whippers-in, will shortly take an active part in the Royal Hunt, the Duke of Richmond having presented them to the Prince Regent, who, while on his late visit to the Earl of Egremont, at Petworth, observed, that he should be under the necessity of giving up his stag-hunt, his dogs having contracted a disease that had killed the greater part of them; when the Duke very handsomely made an offer of his pack to his Royal Highness, who was pleased most graciously to accept them.

His Majesty's Stag-hounds have had several good runs this month. —The Hunt will in future be conducted by whippers-in only; the yeomen-prickers received notice to that effect on the 16th instant.—They will be allowed a pension.

Steeple Races.——A sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was decided on Monday, the 15th instant, between Messrs. Fosgard, Carter, and Hall, in the county of Bucks. The match was, for the competitors known for hunters, to start about two miles from Bushey to go to Dishland parish, in Buckinghamshire, a distance of about twenty-eight miles, (in a straight direction) a steeple race, or in other words, to take their own direction. The country over which the race took place is close and woody, notwithstanding which the sportsmen all took to the field. The race was strongly contested between Messrs. Carter and Hall, making no refusal at any thing, break or fence opposed to them, and it was won by Carter in one hour and fifty minutes. The horse of Mr. Hall got into a bog, and Mr. Fosgard's horse fell, and was damaged early in the race.

On Wednesday, the 20th ult. an excellent steeple chase was run by the members of the Armagh Hunt, for a silver cup, value 50l. The ground was admirably well chosen. The course was visible in its whole extent

extent from all the surrounding hills, and presented to the eye a perfect amphitheatre of one mile and a half in circumference. The competitors galloped round this circle twice, crossing the river Callen four times during the progress of the chase. At a particular part of the course they had to bound over a five-bar gate into the waters of the Callen, into which man and horse were seen to descend and dash through the foamy surface like river gods and tritons.—Mr. William M'Donnell, the victor, rode the celebrated bay horse Dick, belonging to Launcelot Hill, Esq. —At crossing the five-bar gate, Mr. M'Caffray's horse struck the timber with his feet, and rolled with his rider into the river Callen. His descent through the water resembled the gambols of a porpoise sporting in the waves, with a young one on its back. Another competitor for equestrian fame was precipitated into the water and dismounted. The horse, in his struggles, had got his legs entangled about his master's neck, who was in much danger of undergoing suffocation by this *Hounhymhm* embrace. Fortunately the spectators arrived in time to rescue him.—After the sports of the day, the members of the Armagh Hunt, &c. dined together. Thirty-nine bumper toasts were drank in the course of the entertainment.

A PONEY, about twelve hands and a half high, was started on Saturday, the 14th instant, to do eighteen miles within the hour, on the Bromley-road. It did the first nine miles in twenty-seven minutes; the rider then slackened his pace for half a mile, when he again made play, and brought the poor animal in three minutes within the given time.—A certain book which we all profess to venerate, says, "*A merciful man is merciful to his beast*;"—but if tried by this standard, we fear the owner of this little animal, who could thus strain its utmost powers, for a pecuniary purpose, would be found miserably deficient. We would advise him, if ever he reads Pope's Universal Prayer, to omit the passage—*That Mercy I to others show, that Mercy show to me.*—An idea which requires no violence to extend to the brutal, as well as the human race.

THE following curious wager was laid at a Coffee-house a few evenings ago, between two gentlemen; one of whom betted the other seven guineas to five, that out of the first twenty-five females who should pass over the crossing at the Obelisk, in Fleet-street, *with pattens*, on a day to be agreed on, four-fifths of them would have the pattens *in their hands, instead of on their feet.* The wager was decided on Thursday, the 18th inst. when, after a careful inspection of one hour and twenty minutes, which elapsed before the whole number had passed, it appeared that twenty-two out of the twenty-five actually carried these useful articles in their hands!

ON Monday evening, the 1st instant, Captain Scott, of the 18th Hussars, stationed at Lewes, gave a striking specimen of his unbounded patience. He had wagered that he made his horse lie down with him, on the pitching, in the open street, but without any limitation as to time; he accordingly commenced his operations about five o'clock, at the bottom of School-Hill, not indeed cruelly, with whip and spur discipline,

but

but kindly, by *coaxing* the animal, which he unsuccessfully persevered in, until about half-past eight, when the horse, *wanting his supper*, knuckled to the Captain's wish, and enabled him to win his wager, to the satisfaction of all present, who were pleased with his persevering humanity.

On Sunday the 7th instant, died, aged 52, Mr. William Chown, lately an opulent grazier, at Boston, Lincolnshire; and who in his progress through life, experienced in no small degree the vicissitudes of fortune.—In his youthful days he was a great lover of the sports of the field, and a wit.—A few years ago he attended one of Mr. Chaplin's celebrated coursing meetings at Louth, and was then allowed to run the best dog, ride the best horse, was the best horseman, and cracked the best joke, of any of the light-hearted fraternity of sportsmen.—"Alas, poor Yorick!"

Mr. Lambert, jun. of Middleton, Northamptonshire, met with a serious accident a few days ago, whilst hunting with Lord Lonsdale's hounds. His horse becoming unmanageable, from the circumstance of his bridle breaking, when galloping over a field, he threw himself off, by which his collar-bone was broken, his shoulder fractured, and he was otherwise seriously injured.

A horse belonging to Mr. Cook, of St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, lately passed twelve days and nights without either food or drink. He was missed on the 30th of September last, and was supposed to have been stolen, but on examining some uninhabited premises near to the pasture, the animal was discovered, reduced nearly to a skeleton. It is imagined that he went in of his own accord, and that the door closed upon him. Great care and attention have almost restored the poor beast to his former vigour.

A few days since, a grey mare belonging to Mr. Forbes, of Culloden, in Scotland, while crossing the ferry of Kessock, leaped out of the boat on its getting to the opposite side, and having directed her course about a mile and a half eastward, she plunged into the sea at the mill of Kilmuir, swam across the Frith, and came ashore below Culloden, being a distance of about three miles, without sustaining the smallest injury. The mare is 18 years old.

A large and very beautiful species of the Golden Eagle, but in many respects answering the description of the Great Sea Eagle, was shot this month by Mr. Simmons, at Woodchurch, in the Isle of Thanet, and was given by him to a gentleman at Margate, who has had it preserved. Its weight was nearly 18lbs. its length from beak to tail measured three feet, and between the extremities of its expanded wings, seven feet three inches.

On the 9th instant, two persons of Rolvenden, Kent, were convicted before a Magistrate of coursing a hare on the lands of Mr. Hutton, not being duly qualified, and fined in the penalty of ten pounds each.

Free Warren.—*Smith* v. *Cawthorne.*——This long pending cause was finally decided on Monday last, by the unanimous judgment of the Court of King's Bench, in favour of the defendant; by which

which the right of Free Warren, in his Majesty and his successors, as Dukes of Lancaster, and in John Fenton Cawthorne, Esq. M. P. as Patentee for life over the several forests of Bleasdale, Wyersdale, and Queenmore, is fully established. —*(Lancaster Gazette, Nov. 6.)*

A FEW days since, informations were laid before the Rev. S. Hopkinson, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Lincoln, against several persons who were detected in killing game on the property of Lord Gwydir, in the most unlawful and unjustifiable manner, and it is his Lordship's intention to prosecute them to the utmost extent of the law. Several of these persons were without licences, and all without qualifications.—Such has been the destruction of game and of property in that vicinity by similar acts, that it is the intention of the gentlemen in the country to follow his Lordship's example, and to call for qualifications generally.

SINGLE-STICK MATCH.—A match for 20l. was played in Salisbury Market-place, on Wednesday the 10th instant, which drew a large concourse of people from all parts of the country, although the weather was very unfavourable; but the play did not afford that treat to the amatures which had been anticipated. The prizes were easily won by the Somerset men.

PEDESTRIANISM.—*Rainer's late Race.*—Our sporting friends will read with some interest the following account, with which we have been favoured by Mr Baxter, one of the umpires in the late grand match, to go one hundred miles in eighteen hours. It describes, with the nicest precision, Raiger's progress during the first forty miles. It is remarkable, that during the six miles from the 56th to the 61st, when it rained most heavily, he performed every mile in less than seven minutes, and three of the six in six minutes and a half.

Miles.	Minutes.	Miles.	Minutes.
1	8¼	21	9¼
2	8½	22	8¾
3	8½	23	8½
4	8¼	24	8½
5	8¾	25	8
6	8¼	26	9
7	9	27	10¾
8	8¼	28	9¼
9	8	29	8¾
10	8½	30	9¼
11	8½	31	14½
12	7½	32	9½
13	8½	33	9½
14	8¾	34	9½
15	8½	35	9½
16	8½	36	10
17	8½	37	9
18	8	38	9¼
19	8	39	9½
20	8	40	8¼

Being five hours and fifty-five minutes. J. BAXTER.

On the morning of the 31st ult. a young gentleman residing at Blackheath, undertook for a wager of ten guineas, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, to walk from the sign-post of the Hare and Billet public house, at that place, to the Mess-room, Woolwich Barracks, in three quarters of an hour, which he performed with apparent ease in 36 minutes and 54 seconds. The distance is three miles and a half.

On Thursday the 11th instant, for a trifling wager, which he won, Edward Tillston, started from New Shoreham for Steyning, from thence to Tarring-cross, Arundel, and Chichester, and back through Worthing

Worthing to the Sussex Pad Inn, including, in the whole, a distance of sixty-seven miles, which he performed in nine hours and twenty-seven minutes. He passed both the stage-coaches on that road, near Arundel, and reached Chichester a considerable time before either.

The foot race of four miles, between Abraham Wood and John Roebuck, for 50l. a side, was run on Friday the 5th instant, in the presence of a great concourse of spectators, on the Manchester New Road, about three miles from Huddersfield, when Wood, who was the favourite, beat his antagonist about twenty yards.

Boxing.—A very severe and courageously maintained battle was fought on Saturday, the 13th instant, on Copthorpe Down, Oxon. between Benjamin Wilkin, a farmer, and Thomas Robinson, a wheelwright, for 20gs. a side.—The men were each more than 13 stone. At ten o'clock in the morning upwards of 2000 persons had assembled; soon after which the combatants entered and stripped for action. The first round lasted four minutes, employed in direct hitting, but to the advantage of Wilkin, who threw in his right hand well from the shoulder, and brought down his man, after having sustained much punishment. The second, which was commenced by Robinson with great gaiety, occupied seven minutes, when both were hit away many times without going down, and twenty hits at least were exchanged, mostly about the head, but Robinson was again knocked down, and not a feature in either was visible. Four other such rounds were fought, when Robinson had his jaw broken, and was beat. The battle lasted 28 minutes, and *love* was its origin.

A few days ago, a sparring match took place in a room in Chester, between the noted *blackguard* Molineaux and a resident *Gentleman*. In the on-set the combatants wore hand-muffs, but the antagonist of the Black conceiving himself not fairly treated, threw them off. Mungo did the same, and the fight assumed the features of reality. They set-to in good earnest, when the ebony professor of gymnastics, not relishing several knock-down blows, thought it prudent, we are told, to give in, and the company left the room strongly impressed with an opinion that the *black* had shewn the *white feather!*—*(Liverpool Advertiser.)*

A real or pretended challenge, is stated in the provincial papers, to have passed between Molineux and Carter; it is generally believed, however, to be mere *puff*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of Spectator and W. R. are too incorrect for insertion.

In our next Number, we intend giving an account of the Gold Cups run for at Doncaster, from their first commencement in the year 1766; and in the following Number, (with the continuation of the Gold Cups) a complete List of the St. Leger Stakes, from their commencement in 1776.

The Malton, Swaffham, and Louth Coursing Meetings, we are reluctantly compelled to postpone till next month.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE,

To the New Comedy of "FIRST IMPRESSIONS; *or, Trade in the West," performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—By Horatio Smith.*

WHEN man, the savage, left the forest glen,
To dwell in cities with his fellow men,
Sheltered from storms his cultivated mind,
Expanding, shed it's blossoms on the wind:
And infant Science, with a smile, unfurl'd
Her peaceful banners o'er the moral world:
Then first to aid her civilising views,
She woo'd the magic numbers of the muse,
Uprear'd the stage, and bade it live to be
A nation's glass, a world's epitome.—

Here in the compass of this narrow field,
Man and his motley changes stand reveal'd;
Here, at one view, each various class displays
Its faults and virtues to the common gaze.—
Rank, while it spreads the mellowing control,
Of graceful manners, and the gifted soul,
Its own soft attributes may steel and brace,
By the rough virtues of a ruder race.—
By such collision, is the public mind
In due progression rounded and refined,
Till every prominent aud poinred trait,
Is polished down and civilized away.—

Thus has the Drama's equalising hand,
Unnerved itself in polishing the land.—
Fled the strong features which our grandsires show'd,
The quaint extremes of manners, life, and mode:
Would we their coarser characters recall,
You deem us vulgar and unnatural —
Our inexpressive moderns would we paint,
"How spiritless!" you cry, "How dull, how faint!"
Hard is the task to write what none may blame,
What Nature sanctions, and what critics claim.
If perils rise in such combined array,
To strike the proved and practised with dismay,
How must *he* tremble whose advent'rous pride,
Would grasp the Hydra with a hand untried!
Such is our Bard, whose youthful muse essays,
For the first time to snatch the Comic Bays,
Be, then, your doom attemper'd to his due,
True to yourselves, but not to him untrue;
Such as mild Justice might herself dispense,
To *Inexperience and a First Offence.*

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Edwin.

JUDGING by faces, 'twas Lavater's plan,
From First Impressions to denote the man.

Alas!

Alas! he now-a-days must look much brisker,
To find in modern faces, aught but whisker!

Rules have exceptions, when *you* hate a poet,
You scorn disguise; you're very apt to show it:
But when you like the play, and him who wrote it,
Sometimes, as now, your clapping hands denote it.

"All is not gold that glitters," Wisdom cries:
"Who would have thought it!" Folly pert replies.

'Tis e'en the same in yonder realms above,
Where modern war is false as modern love;
Two martial Bucks, all fur, and spur, and shrug,
Like whiskered Tom Cats snarling from a rug,
Fall out; they stamp, they swear, they scorn control,
And seem at least a Cossack and a Pole.
But when it comes to, "Sir, you talk it fine!"
And "Sir, that there's my card," and "this here's mine"—
Who but must laugh, to find one blustering railer
Is Fringe the mercer, t'other Snip the tailor.

Thus First Impressions, still resume their reign—
We trust and fail, and fail and trust again,
Till pleasure's sun-beams sorrow in his slope,
And Time destroys the bubbles blown by Hope.

Now for myself; since last the curtain fell,
What my Impressions were, 'twere best not tell.
My exit stopp'd, condemned alone to venture,
A compassed needle trembling in the center;
In this wide sea, a solitary smuggler,
What shall I do? what do? turn Indian Juggler,
My name is Fashion, and the balls I hurl,
Are midnight balls where giddy waltzers whirl;
The sands I sprinkle on my changeful arm,
Are snatched from Time, and cheat us while they charm.
Here ends the parallel; for Fashion draws
No sword to swallow; but, in England's cause,
Bids it, in France, a vengeful Meteor glow,
And sheathes it in the bosom of the foe.

But hold—what monster's this; good long-nosed Sir!
[*Addressing Tripod.*
Kind Griffin Cerberus, three headed cur—
Speak our play's doom;—He's dumb—let's try his brother.
"You, Sir, perhaps"—Alas! he's dumb as t'other!
They seem to say, "Three heads our shoulders fit;
To-night to judge your play, three judges sit,
Whose dreaded names are, Boxes, Gallery, Pit."

Oh, then in mercy prove our Bard's protector,
Waft to Elysium safe his troubled spectre.
And when his Play the Stygian Lake has past,
Bid, by your smiles, his First Impressions last.

HOME.

SAY, what are those ties which encircle my heart,
And restrain my wild wishes to roam;
Say, what is that impulse, which when I depart
From the scenes of my youth, after pleasure to start,
Bids me seek for true pleasure at home.

'Twas there first I prattled, and danced on the knee
Of a grandmother bended by time;
And there in the corner, still stands the old tree,
Where yearly the crow, found a spoiler in me,
For her nest I delighted to climb.

How

How oft have I heard in your deep shady
grove,
The blackbird's mellifluous note;
While the milk-maid poured forth the
soft ditty of love,
When doom'd all the torments of absence
to prove,
For her swain in some county remote.

Here lives the old man with his ringlets
all grey,
Who instructed my innocent youth;
Who pour'd forth the lessons of wisdom
each day,
And kindly directed the pleasantest way,
Which leads to the mansions of truth.

And here is old Dobbin, whom oft when
a boy
To the pond I delighted to ride;
And here are those meadows, where often
with joy,
I the butterfly hunted, intent to destroy
The poor insect so spangled and dy'd.

Yes! there are the ties which endear the
sweet spot,
The scene of my infantile mirth,
And, O! gracious Heaven, may this be
my lot,
When old age comes at last to retreat to
this cot,
And expire at the place of my birth.

K. P——R.

ON THE NIGHTINGALE.

BE silent, ye Zephyrs that rove,
O'er the flowers and meadows so gay,
Come list to the music of love,
'Tis Philomel's innocent lay.

How artless she seems to deplore,
Whilst silence extends all around;
The songsters so noisy before,
Now catch with attention the sound.

'Tis a sound that enraptures the heart,
When pleasure and gaiety flee;
It grieves me, alas, to depart,
I for ever could listen to thee!

She ceases, and nothing is heard,
Save, the sound of yon far distant
stream;
Little warbler thy song I preferr'd,
To folly, and vanity's dream.

K. P——R.

ON A LATE PUNSTER.

MERRY was he for whom we now are
sad:
His jokes were many, and but few were
bad;
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active
soul,
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall
bowl.
Now at his tomb methinks I hear him
say,
I never lik'd to be in a *grave* way;
Then by and by he cries, for all your
scoffing,
I now am only in a fit of *coffin*.
Thy passing-bell with heavy hearts we
hear,
For thee each *passing belle* shall drop a
tear;
That sable hearse which drew thy corpse
along,
Shall be *rehears'd* in dismal poet's song;
Ah, how unlike! yet this is he, we're
sure,
Who once in Grafton's coach sat so de-
mure.
Many a ball he gracefully began,
Well may we *bawl* to lose so great a
man;
Thy friendly club their mighty loss de-
plore,
Their faithful secretary, now no more;
Thou ne'er shall *secret* tarry, though in
death,
While puns are puns, or punning men
have breath.

BONAPARTE IN DRESDEN.

A SIMILE.

AS when a Badger in his dreary den,
Hid from the eye of day-light and of
men,
If urged by want of Paramour or food;
He seek the brakes of Berry or Stow
wood;
Lis'ning he hears, or thinks he hears the
sound
Of terrier, shepherd's dog, or lagging
hound;
All passions else subside, fear fills his
soul
And back he sculks for safety to his
hole.

W. Smith Pinx.t Scott Sc.